FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 27.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—During the past week old Drury has been putting herself into a palmy state of cleanliness and beauty, and having disrobed herself of much tawdry tinsel and unmeaning drapery, has substituted some chaste pannelling and a drop curtain, identified in its subject with the highest achievements of the Drama. Many other improvements are in progress, calculated to render this house what it so long has been—the first favorite of American Theatres. The spirited manager of the Park is well aware, that in the approaching campaign he will have to contend with two rival houses, under new and vigorous management—rendered popular by the character of the lessees, the talent they have already secured, and the proverbial elegance of the houses and richness of scenery. The competition will doubtless be great, and we are happy to see those improvements going forward, which alone can secure an equal share of the public patronage.

This being the season of change, and for the correction of abuses, we will take occasion to suggest one improvement, the lack of which has been of serious detriment to the Park, and of which we have often and again heard great complaint. We allude to the want of courtesy and civil attention on the part of some of the box-keepers. The rudeness and impertinence exhibited in this department has in some instances been most atrocious, and such as would not have been submitted to a moment, except within the walls of a theatre, where to attempt to justify one's-self, or to redress an injury, amounts to a brawl and a row. Advantage is taken of this, and impertinent replies, wholly unwarranted and discourteous in the extreme, and a total lack of all disposition to accommodate are often shielded, under the repugnance every gentleman feels, to render himself conspicuous in a theatre. Rudeness or impertinence from such a source is insufferable on every account, and especially so as the true vocation of these persons—the object of their being employed at all, is, to render those civilities and attentions to all, which the manager himself would desire to extend to his friends. How different the demeanor of these persons should be, none know better than Mr. Simpson, and equally certain are we, that no one will be more ready to correct an evil that has so long escaped even *his* lynx-eyed supervision.

Since the foregoing was penned, we have examined the new embellishments of Old Drury. The interior walls of the boxes now present a beautiful vermillion tint, while the panels in front are painted white, and covered with superbly embossed gilt medallions and mouldings. The private boxes are hung with rich green damask curtains, lined with white silk, and have been arranged with great good taste. The spacious dome, re-modelled and fitted up, now presents a splendid appearance; the bust of Shakspeare still graces the keystone of the arch formed by the proscenium. The lobbies and saloon are fitted up in keeping with the interior of the house. The seats throughout have been covered anew, and what with the new Drop, and side scenes, all these improvements combined, present a *coup d'œil* that for splendor, beauty, and taste, has seldom been surpassed.

The Park opens on Monday with Tobin's admired comedy of "The Honeymoon," in which Mrs. Sharpe will appear as *Juliana*. Miss Cliffton appears as *Bianca*, in Millman's "Fazio," on Tuesday—as *Marianna*, in "The Wife," on Wednesday—as *Florinda*, in Shiel's "Apostate," on Thursday, and on Friday as *Bianca*, in Willis's new tragedy of "Bianca Visconti, or the Heart Overtasked."

Miss Virginia Monier opened the City theatre on Monday last, under the name of "*Miss Monier's Dramatic Saloon*," and caters with so much taste for the gratification of her patrons, that we shall not be surprised to see her little theatre take the lead of the minors. She appears embued with no inconsiderable talent for management, while she is a charming actress. Her sister Eliza, a young lady that has not yet attained her teens, is quite a prodigy—a second Clara Fisher. If the Dramatic Saloon continues to be conducted with the taste and talent displayed thus far, it cannot fail to answer the sanguine expectations of its friends.

The *Bowery* opened on Monday with a new company, as meagre in point of talent as it is the reverse in numbers. Miss Nelson has been the star of the week, and has drawn very fair houses in "The Mountain Sylph." She is miserably supported, but the singular beauty of her person, her grace and sunny smile has overcome all obstacles to the attainment of new admirers and increased applause. Cowell, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. La Forest, and a Mr. Matthews, a clever actor, by the bye—are the prominent people in the company.

Mrs. George Jones immediately commences an engagement at this theatre, during which, we understand, will be produced a new tragedy, written for her by J. B. Phillips, Esq., the "*Scribe*" of this city.

Wallack is daily expected here with his recruits for the *National*. He has made one capital engagement abroad, (if not half a dozen,) in Mr. Browne, so celebrated in light and eccentric comedy. The National has been put in order, and can open at a day's notice when the company arrives.

After all, our hopes are to disappointed, and the public deprived the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Wood the next season at the Park. "Why so?" asks every one. Hark ye, and let us whisper in your ear a line or two from Billy Shakspeare's "Winter's Tale," and see if you can guess:—

> "The Queen is spread of late into a goodly bulk,
> And rounds apace. We shall present our services
> Unto a fine new prince one of these days—
> Good time encounter her."

The *Broadway theatre*, Euterpean Hall, Mr. Jackson announces, will be opened immediately. The company is not yet full, and applications are desired, addressed to the manager at his office.

Blake & Willard's new theatre, *The Olympic*, adjoining Tattersall's, in Broadway, is rapidly fitting up, and will be thrown open to the public the last week of the present month probably. From what we have seen of the arrangements in progress, we make no doubt of its being a very neat and elegant house.

The little *Franklin* is getting on with its new company, though much better since strengthened by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sefton, who will probably leave soon, as they propose spending the winter at the South and West, very flattering engagements having been made them.

The lady managers appear likely to "do the trick." Mrs. Hamblin's Theatre, Richmond Hill, is getting on famously we hear. A neighboring daily suggests to the manageress to offer Hamblin an engagement, to keep him out of mischief. Not so bad.

Cooke's *Equestrian Arena* closes next week, say the bills. The manager paraded his company through Broadway last week, driving four-in-hand himself, and made a grand display.

Parsons was playing at the National theatre, Cincinnati, last week, to crowded houses; he is daily expected in town.

"*Coming events cast their shadows before.*"—The Star says Mrs. Bailey retires from Niblo's Garden, not from dissatisfaction, but, as Miss Edgeworth delicately expresses it, "to attend to the anticipated duties of domestic solicitude."

Mrs. Knight's benefit at *Niblo's* last Monday was a perfect jam: about two thousand persons, most of them ladies, were in attendance—a substantial proof of the estimation in which this capital acting vocalist is held by the visitors of Niblo's, as well as by the members of her own profession, a great number of whom volunteered their services. Mrs. Knight had the aid of Mesdames Vernon, Archer, and Durie, and Messrs. Jones, Ritchings, Chippendale, and Povey, etc., all from the Park theatre, who appeared in the 1st act of *Cinderella*, which was got up in Niblo's best style. In the Vaudeville, that "ox-eyed Juno," Mrs. Gurner, (also of the Park,) made her last curtesy to the New Yorkers, as she sails for England in Sept. The whole affair went off with the utmost eclat.

Miss Clifton and Mr. Willis's New Tragedy.

We need not say to the constant reader of this paper, how sincerely we have advocated the claims of Miss Clifton to the first station among the many talented actresses of America, nor with what zeal we have often attempted to refute the detractions of Mr. Willis, as an Author and Poet. It will then be easily conceived how much we congratulate ourselves on the opportunity of announcing the appearance of two such personal favorites, each in their respective walk, and each illustrating the high and lofty capabilities of the other—the actress embodying the conception of the poet.

On Friday next Mr. Willis's new Tragedy, "Bianca Visconti, or *The Heart Overtasked*," written for Miss Clifton, will be performed at the Park for the first time, Miss Clifton sustaining the principal character—*Bianca*. We do not suffer an apprehension of a failure of this play, and are quite sanguine in our hopes of its triumphant success. That it should fail seems impossible, for even if it be but merely well read, the beauty of the diction, the dramatic situations, and the many sweetly poetic conceptions, would render it a grateful repast to every listener. But it will be more than well enunciated—it will be enacted in a style of excellence that will give point and pathos to the many gems of exquisite poetry pervading the whole piece, and realize to the eye as well as to the mind, the bright being enveloped with the radiant light of genius, whom the most fanciful of our native poets has engendered and endowed with all the attributes of female tenderness and devotion.

That our readers may have some foretaste of the beauty and vigor of Mr. Willis's imagery, we will avail ourselves of the kindness of our friend Gen. Morris, and give a few lines which to us seem worthy of any pen of any age.

In the following, Bianca beautifully throws back the sneers of a villainous Count (Sarpellione) at her betrothed (Sforza) for his humble birth, and tells the story of the career of both father and son.

[*A bridal feast seen through a glass door in the rear of the stage. Enter from the banquetting-room,* Bianca, *dressed with great magnificence, followed by* Sforza, Rossano, Brunorio, *and* Sarpellione. *A raised throne at the side. Music heard till the door is closed.*

Bi.—They who love stillness follow us! * * *
* * * * * * We'll hold
The court of Silence, and I'll play the queen.
My brave lord, you shall doff that serious air,
And be court favorite—sit you at our feet!

Sf.—Too envious a place and office both!
I'll sit here with Rossano. Honor's flower—
That lifts a bold head in the world—at court,
Looks for the lily's hiding place.
Sarp.—[*Aside.*] (What trick
Lies in this new humility.) The lily
Is lowly born, and knows its place, my lord!
Bi.—Yet is it sought with pains while the rose withers!
Sarp.—The rose lifts to the sun its flowering tree,
And all its parts are honored—while the lily,
Upon one fragile stem, rears all its beauty—
And its coarse family of leaves are left
To lie on the earth they cling to.
Sf—*To Rossano, with whom he has been conversing apart.*
(I've sure news
He was worse yesterday!)
(*Bianca, rising with dignity, and descending from the ducal chair.*)
Bi. Now since the serpent
Misled our mother, never was fair truth
So subtly turned to error. If the rose
Were born a lily, and by force of heart,
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone—
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there,
But for the bright originals in heaven!
Sarp.—(*sneeringly.*)
Rest to the gallant soul of the *first* Sforza.
Bi.—Amen! but triple glory to the second.
I have a brief tale for thine ear, ambassador
Sarp.—I listen, lady!
Bi. Mark the moral, sir!
An eagle once from the Euganean hills
Soared bravely to the sky. [*To Sforza*]. (Wilt please my lord
List to my story?) In his giddy track
Scarce marked by them who gazed upon the first,
Followed a new-fledged eaglet, fast and well.
Upward they sped, and all eyes on their flight
Gazed with admiring awe, when, suddenly,
The parent bird, struck by a thunderbolt,
Dropp'd lifeless through the air. The eaglet paused
And hung upon his wings; and as his sire
Plashed in the far down wave, men looked to see him
Flee to his nest affrighted!
Sf.—(*With great interest.*) Did he so?
Bi.—My noble lord—he had a monarch's heart!
He wheeled a moment in mid air, and shook
Proudly his royal wings, and then right on
With crest uplifted and unwavering flight,
Sped to the sun's eye, straight and gloriously.
Page.—Lady—is that true?
Bi. Ay—men call those eagles
Sforza the First and Second!

Here follows an exquisite allegory, in which Sforza represents the prostration of his ambition by the discovery of the existence of Bianca's brother, and heir to the Dukedom, and whom she resolves to kill for Sforza's sake.

Bi.—No! no! come hate—come worse indifference!
Come anything—I will not! He is gone
To bring me flowers now, for he sees I'm sad;
Yet, with his delicate thought, asks not the reason,
But tries to steal it from me!—*could* I kill him!
His eyes grew moist this morn, for I was pale—
With thinking of his murder! could I kill him!
Oh, Sforza! I could walk on burning ploughshares,
But not kill pitying Giulio! I could starve—
Or freeze with wintry cold—or swallow fire—
Or die a death for every drop of blood
Knelling at my sad heart, but not kill Giulio!
No—no—no! no!
(*Sforza comes in dejectedly.*)
My lord! my noble lord!
Sf. Give you good-day, Bianca!
Bi. Are you ill,
That you should drop your words so sorrowfully?
Sf. I am not ill, nor well!
Bi. Not well?
Sf. The pulse
Beats on sometimes, when the heart quite runs down.
I'm very well!
Bi. My lord, you married me—
The priest said so—to share both joy and sorrow.
For the last privilege I've shed sweet tears!
If I'm not worthy—
Sf. Nay—you are! I thank you
For many proofs of gentle disposition,
Which, to say truth, I scarcely looked for in you—
Knowing that policy, and not your choice,
United us!
Bi. My lord!
Sf. I say you're worthy,
For this, to see my heart—if you could do so,
But there's a grief in't now which brings you joy,
And so you'll pardon me!
(*Giulio comes in with a heap of flowers, which he throws down and listens.*)
Bi. That cannot be!
Sf.—Listen to this. I had a falcon lately,
That I had train'd, till, in the sky above him,
He was the monarch of all birds that flew.
I loved him next my heart, and had no joy,
But to unloose his feet, and see the eagle
Quail at his fiery swoop! I brought him here!
Sitting one day upon my wrist, he heard
The nightingale you love sing in the tree,
While I applauded him. With jealous heart,
My falcon sprang to kill him; and with fear
For your sweet bird, I struck him to my feet;
And since that hour, he droops. His heart is broke,
And he'll ne'er soar again!
Page. Why, one such bird
Were worth a thousand nightingales.
Bi.—(*Aside.*) Poor boy!
He utters his own doom!

We have not room for more, but even these few lines will betoken the quality of the poetry. In the hands of Miss Clifton, sustained by all the talent of the Park company, this tragedy of our young countryman will surely sustain our confident hopes of its success.

It must be quite needless, we trust, to say anything more in behalf of the fair and generous purchaser of this Tragedy, to ensure an overflowing house of candid and liberal critics. The remarkable energy and power of Miss Clifton, exhibited in her personations, in the higher walks of the drama, are well known to this community, and throughout the whole South and West she is thought entirely unapproached by any native actress. Superadded to such sterling mental abilities are the irresistable accessories of a majesty and beauty of person that seldom fall to the share of one individual. Who can "hold back" when such inducements are presented to go forward, and more especially when the claims of the author on our justice are presented by the hand of beauty, and sustained by the superior capabilities of a justly popular and an accomplished American lady.

Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Plumer.—Last week both these delightful *artistes* closed their engagements at Niblo's, and they are now on a tour through the West and South. Western gentlemen may bless their stars that Miss Watson comes among them a veritable wife of nineteen, instead of a young girl numbering a few less years, as when we first saw her. But however she may look grave and matronly and the like, she is still more beautiful than when first she landed on our shores, and sings as sweetly. We dare assure our Southern friends that they have not had among them of late years a lady who, to her other qualifications for the stage, unites a voice of such singular richness and softness, and a taste as refined and elegant as a finished musical education can produce.

Mr. Plumer and lady are at present accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Bailey. Mr. P. is already well known at the South, and our own columns have frequently borne testimony to his rare excellence in his profession. With the aid of these two distinguished vocalists, managers at the West will be able to surpass in the line of opera anything that we can do *just now* in the Atlantic cities.

We understand that young Munden, of the Western theatres, has been dramatizing Dr. Bird's last novel, "Nick of the Woods." Report speaks very favorably of the effort. We once knew Munden, and believe him every way capable of executing such a task creditably. When Mr. M. has seen enough of Western life and manners, he must venture homewards, and allow us to see whether they have blunted the edge of his humor, or repressed the flow of his spirits and wit.

"*Golden Opinions.*"—We have been shown this week a magnificent gold watch, chain, etc., which is to be presented to Mrs. Groves, the accomplished lady of T. M. Groves, Esq., co-manager of the Nashville and other Southern theatres, by a distinguished gentleman of Boston, as a token of his admiration of her histrionic abilities, and his respect for those graces and accomplishments which have rendered her the charm and ornament of domestic circles. Upon the case of the watch, which has 17 jewels, is an appropriate inscription; the chain is tasteful and massive, and the whole affair superb and elegant to a degree.

Quebec Theatricals.—[From our private correspondent.]—Preston is here with a so-so company, doing a so-so business. Mrs. McLean and Mr. Williams, from the South—the latter said to be a good old man—are with him, but have not shown yet. Cony and Blanchard, with the dogs *Hector* and *Bruin*, are the *stars*. The monkeyizing of the last, and the sagacity of the dogs, draw such audiences as are collected. The sagacity of these animals, and the inferior acting of the company, gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit* by a penny-a-liner:— Q.

> "In Preston's company, the dogs are really clever brutes enough;
> We wish we honestly could write the actors half as strong a puff."

Mrs. Maeder (late Miss Clara Fisher) has succeeded Mrs. Bailey (late Miss Watson) at Niblo's, where she appears with great effect in the concerts and vaudevilles.

The new St. Louis theatre is doing an immense business, we learn from the papers of that flourishing city.

SPORT IN SOUTH CAROLINA

From the Charleston Mercury.

We copy below the conclusion of a spirited sporting article from the last number of the Journal, entitled "A Day at Cheha." The whole article is capital, and we would give it entire, but we have no time for the pulling down of a buck; as we have our hands full of more ignoble game in the horde of rascally vermin, just routed and *being routed* out of Uncle Sam's poultry yard. We needed not the name of "Cheha" to lift the anonymous veil and identify "Venator." We can unloose the mystery of him and his whole company, familiar as our garter.

"We know ye! and so bucks! have at ye all!"

None but he wrote it. Geordy didn't, for he not being punctilious in the cleaning of his gun, is liable to flashes in the pan, and would have come to *false points* on bad *puns*. The old Captain didn't; for he, though a staunch woodsman, and no more a slouch at the game than Venator, yet can better depict the old bucks to the physical eye with crayon or pencil, than to the mind's eye with the pen; the other Captain didn't write it, for he is greater at the board than in the wood, plays a better part at the apotheises than the execution of the forest denizens, and his mastery over the deer commences after it has become venison. "Frosty but kindly" old Phil didn't; for though a Nimrod indeed in whom there is no guile, his finger plies more deftly the trigger than the pen. None of the young saplings who have shot up in those dear old woods since we were transplanted to this hothouse, wrote it; for, with the luxuriance of youth, they would have offered more leaves, and borne us fewer nuts to crack—would have written more and said less. No none of those little peghorn bucks, with their green-horns yet in the velvet of puerile simplicity, wrote it. (Fear not, gentlemen! in suburban apprehensions of notoriety. This is all *confidential* between you and us, and nobody will trail out your names.) "Venator" himself wrote it. We can tell the crack of his double-barrel, through a mile of Cypress and Loblolly Bay. We know his track—

—— "a stag of *ten*,"

and having roused him from his lair, in that *grove* of *cedars*, as he clangs gallantly off with the *points* of his branching antlers glinting to the sun, like a clump of knightly lances, we'll have a chace of criticism at him, for very spite, for making our mouth water for those sylvan shades that keep the heart green, while we are hung up "in populous city pent," like a venison ham to be smoke dried. We know him as the hero of a hundred fields—

Where death himself the trigger drew—
Where every partridge *fell* that *flew*.

And we know him as Admiral of the flag-ship of the Broad River fleet—

"When the drum did rue that wre unborn[*]
The fishing of that day."

He is as happy as the *raconteur* of the day's sport, when the quarry is struck and the game bagged—as he is successful in the field of action. Could Agamemnon have as well recounted his own exploits, he had needed no Homer, for he is much an Alexander in thrice slaying the slain, at the feast, as he is in vanquishing the barbarian Dariuses of swamp and pine barren. There is a wild woody smack, a *haut gout* in his narratives, written or oral, that makes it a toss-up between a buckshot and a rifle bullet, whether you had rather see him shoot or hear him tell—for as in the song of "Annot Lyle," the fountains murmur, and the green leaves of our native wilds rustle in his strain. We are glad to hear that he has improved his hunting cavalry, and now bestrides a remote relation of Godolphin Arabian—for the last time we saw him in the saddle, his charger did not bear him as became a knight's—and reminded us more of the *marsh* (the Pontine marshes if he will) than of old Hickory's *dernier resort*, "the deserts of Arabia." Has he caught a *grown* drum with an angling rod yet, without breaking a joint of the cane, or starting a strand of the line? 'Till he has, we have a boast beyond him, in the *fish line*, and beyond every body else, but a certain *black mail* personage, on Ladies Island. Does he remember how that beautiful *young* drum, in the Battery river, after being played by him, with all the *delicate attention* of old Anthony or ourself, just flashed up his silver side, like a flaunting striped banner, and bequeathed him hook and sinkers, with his affecting farewell, as he plunged back to the depths of freedom? How he sighed! How "the joy of grief" was his, as "he didn't care! he was glad! he was glad to find there were *such* fish *in* the creek"—in other words, that there were better fish in the water, than had *just then* come out of it. There, Sir, take that "painful remembrance," for tantalizing us with the *green* sickness—and painting sylvan sports upon the dull smoke cloud that envelopes the cit—and for revenge, that when last we were among ye, not "taking notes," but cockney like, for "a veek's shootin'," we found that you had depopulated our own romantic island of partridges, and that the surviving coveys were indeed "like partridges upon the mountains," "few and far between"—and as familiar to the tender sprouts, whose young ideas you have "taught to shoot," as their own Muscovy ducks. —But we are getting wroth and savage, and must mollify with a little criticism.

What is excellent and good in Venator's writing, we need not mention. It will strike the public without our seconding—and he is too experienced a writer not to know it himself. His fault is, *the want of repose* in his narrative—we don't mean the want of dull and sleepy places, of which he has none—but of pleasant levels, which may be found on elevated table lands, as well as in our backwaters, and are very soothing and refreshing to the mountain traveller, who, even were he a Syntax in search of the picturesque, gets his belly full of rocks and rugged points of view, in a ten miles ride among the Alleghanies. The effort at point, with Venator, is too continuous. He should sign himself "Love leap," for he keeps leaping his Pegasus from peak to peak, without stopping occasionally, and ambling down a gentle valley slope—alighting, stretching himself full length in a deep plush of a green carpet patch of herbage, smelling a honey suckle, and looking right up, far away, into the blue dome above—while meanwhile the steed, with the bridle tied to the stirrup, grazes genially beneath the giant chesnut, or dips his lip into the sparkling chalice of the mountain naiade. The bull's eye is not always hit; and aiming at point too punctually, there must be an occasional *miss*.—And that's all the fault we have to find with him. For in justice to him it must be said, that his sometimes abortiveness of *punctuation*, is very seldom. We have seen him take many a shot, and if his pellets drove not alway the very cross, they went not wide of the mark.

And though we would rather have some beef steak with our mustard, than all mustard and Cayenne, yet it is better to lunch on a dish of anchovies than to be swilled with a gallon of milk and water—and a superfluity of point is better than a dead level. So hush your incipient hoot at the fireworks, that disturb your ancient solitary reign, ye owls of Minerva, whose dignified wisdom claimeth the high pedigrees from Baalam's Ass maternally, and paternally from the patriarchal Goat, which father Abraham found caught by the horns, and took by the beard on the mountain. Wag not your Circassian beards, nor point your long ears, ye five muses of prosing, who in yonder leaden enclosure look like a group of *five asses by Ten-ears*,[†] and sleepily decree, because you are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale. For verily if the gallant skipper of a gay Venator, in its sportive cruise among the *points*, occasionally scrapes its keel upon *point blank*,—how float ye but as flats loaded with marsh mud, or Dutch drogers freighted with sour crout, hailing from the Promontory of Noses and steering for Point No Point? Because there is occasionally a smoky squib in lieu of the intended rocket—*fumum ex flamma*—in the display of the sparkling pyrotechnist, is it not better, old grave ears! than no fire-works? And is not the *pointer*, old or young, who occasionally plays false, and fools us with bulfinch or sparrow, when we anticipate snipe or woodcock, far better than the cur that never points at all? Have Rodgers & Co. lost their fame for keenness of edge, polish of surface and temper of metal, because they occasionally turn out a blunt penknife, or a dull and lead-like razor? Go on then, Venator! Drive the deer from Combahee to Ashepoo—and from Edisto to the Four Holes, and then tell us of the hunt. We will love to hear, though we cannot be there to see. When thy physical man, being weary, reposeth, let thy imagination, like Addison's stars, "forever singing as they shine,"[‡] "take up the wondrous tail," whether of buck or bear. Beat the Castalian coverts! and we shall continue our present prayer for thee—that though an old sportsman, thou mayest, as now, be "ever fresh and ever young," that having the marrow of a sportsman in thy well-knit bones, thou mayest still defy years to make thee aged, "or pall thine infinite variety." Gaily split the bullets against the scythe edge of Time, as he comes reluctantly and slowly towards thee, through the brown fennel and *the yellow broom grass of life's old field*—and like a glorious old buck, long may'st thou hold at bay that untiring skeleton blood-hound, Grim Death—who is clanking his fleshless jaws, giving his no-tongue, and poking his no-nose upon *all our tracks*. Ah! mirth's akin to melancholy! and your merry flourish of horns has seduced us into the coronach—"Shadows avaunt!" Let us look back on the sunny past! Bless our columns! Thought we "hadn't room!" But we always ramble when we get into the green wood, and sometimes rouse an outlying buck, and bring him down without the aid of a dog.—Speak of the d——! *Crash, crash—clang, clang, clang—clang it!* There goes a magnificent fellow now! But Venator must take the shot and tell the story. We took it by innoculation, and didn't get it the natural way. *He* didn't tell it—but he *must*, in the next Journal. How that party in the old Yemassee ground, at Pocotaligo, running parallel with a deer—he in an old field, and they abreast of him in the road, and a fence between, with the pack in full cry in the wood on his other flank—said deer made a dash to pass them as one hunter reined in, how it leaped the fence, and fell right across the pommel of another hunter's saddle, bruising said rider's side, driving its leg through the trigger guard of the gun, and breaking off the guard—how the horse took deadly fright and ran away, carrying the living and kicking deer some twenty yards ere it fell off and gained the wood—and how, on the dogs coming up, said deer, which had been fired at at a very long distance early in the day, was found dead a hundred yards from the road, with no other wound but a slight scratch, which could never of itself have sufficed to kill. All this we know to be *true*, and if our request induces Venator to give it us, done to a turn, with sweet jam or jelly, and trimmings to suit, our readers will forgive our spoiling their sport, by keeping them so long from being in at the death with him—in the following spirit-stirring extract:—

A DAY AT CHEEHA.

"What use of horse now!" said Robin, as (sliding from his saddle where his horse instincttively made a dead halt at the edge of the impracticable Serbonian bog that lay before him), he began to climb a tree that overlooked the field of action—"what use of horse now?" From this "vantage ground," however he looked in vain to catch a glimpse of the deer. The eye of a lynx could not penetrate the thick mass of grass that stretched upwards of six feet from the surface of the marsh. The cry of the hounds now grew faint from distance, and now again came swelling on the breeze; when suddenly our ears were saluted by a full burst from the whole pack, in that loud, open note, which tells a practised ear, that the cry comes from the water. "Zounds Robin," cried I, in the excitement of the moment—"they have him at bay there—there in the canal. Down from your perch my lad, or they'll eat him, horns and all, before you reach him."

Robin apparently, did not partake of this enthusiasm, for he maintained his perch on the tree, and coolly observed, "What use massa, for I git dere, dem dog polish ebery bone." "You are afraid you rascal! you have only to swim the canal and then,"—"Got, massa," said Robin, as he looked ruefully over the field of his proposed missionary labors; "If he be water, I swim 'um—If he be bog, I bog 'um—If he be brier, I scratch tru 'um—but who de debble, but otter, no so alligator, go tru all tree one time!" The thought was just stealing its way into my mind, that under the excitement of my feelings, I was giving an order, that I might have hesitated personally to execute, when the cry of the hounds lately so clamorous, totally ceased. "There," cried I, in the disappointed tone of a sportsman who had lost a fine buck—"save your skin you loitering rascal! You may sleep where you sit, for by this time they have eaten him sure enough."—This conclusion was soon overset by the solitary cry of Ruler, which was now heard, half a mile to the left of the scene of the late uproar.

"Again! what is this? It is the cry of Ruler! ho! I understand it—the deer is not eaten—but has taken to the canal—and the nose of that Prince of hounds, has scented him down the running stream. Aye, aye, he makes for the wood—and now to cut him off." No sooner said than done. I gave the spur to my horse, and shot off accordingly, but not in time to prevent the success of the masterly manœuvre which the buck, baffling his pursuers, was now seen straining every nerve to regain the shelter of the wood. I made a desperate effort to cut him off, but reached the wood only in time to note the direction he had taken. It was not sunset, and the white out spread tail of the deer, was my only guide in the pursuit as he glided among the trees. "Now for it, Boxer—show your speed my gallant nag." The horse as if he entered fully into the purpose of his rider, stretched himself to the utmost, obedient to the slightest touch of the reins as he treaded the intricacies of the forest; and was gaining rapidly on the deer, when plash! he came to a dead halt, his fore legs plunged in a quagmire, over which the buck with his split hoofs had bounded in security. What a baulk! "but here goes," and the gun was brought instantly to the shoulder, and the left hand barrel fired. The distance was eighty yards, and the shot ineffectual.—Making a slight circuit to avoid the bog, I again push at the deer and again approach. "Ah, if I had but reserved the charge I had so idly wasted!" But no matter, I must "run him down," and gaining a position on his flank, I spurred my horse full upon his broad-side to bear him to the ground. The noble animal, (he was a noble animal, for he traced, with some baser admixture indeed, through Boxer, Medley, Gimcrack, to the Godolphin Arabian) refused to trample on his fellow quadruped, and in spite of the goading spur, ranged up close alongside of the buck, as if his only pride lay in surpassing him in speed, brought me in close contact with the buck. Detaching my right foot from the stirrup, I struck the armed heel of my boot full against his head; he reeled from the blow and plunged into a neighboring thicket, too close for a horse to enter.—I fling myself from my horse, and pursue on foot: he gains on me: I dash down my now useless gun, and freed from all incumbrance press after the panting animal. A large fallen oak lies across his path, he gathers himself up for the leap, and falls exhausted directly across it. Before he could recover his legs, and while he lay thus poised on the tree, I fling myself at full length upon the body of the struggling deer—my left hand clasps his neck, while my right detaches the knife, whose fatal blade in another moment, is buried in his throat.—There he lay in his blood, and I remained the sole occupant of the field! I seize my horn, but am utterly breathless, and incapable of sounding it. I strive to shout, but my voice is extinct from fatigue and exhaustion. I retrace my steps, while the waning light yet sufficed to show me the track of the deer—recover my horse and gun, and return to the tree where my victim lay. But how apprise my comrades of my position? My last shot, however, had not been unnoticed—and soon their voices are heard cheering on "Ruler," while far in advance of the yet baffled pack, he follows unerringly on the track of the deer.—They came at last; but found me still so exhausted from fatigue, that to wave my bloody knife, and point to the victim where he lay at my feet, were all the history which I could then give, of the spirit stirring incidents I have just recorded. Other hunting matches I have been engaged in, wherein double the number of deer have been killed; but never have I engaged in one of deeper or more absorbing interest, thant that which marked this "day at Cheeha."

Southern Literary Journal. VENATOR.

A PEEP AT TATTERSALLS—BALTIMORE.

Ding, ding, ding; ring a ding, ding, said the bell, and away scampered the "judges of horse flesh" to another part of the market, the sale of a snug beast having just terminated in the quarter where we had been lounging. A regular up-country "horse-laugh" issuing from the party, induced us to jog along and take a look at the "critter," and—we didn't laugh—that is, we gave no outward and visible sign of a cachinnatory inclination, but that was nothing, we could hove "haw-haw'd" with the best of them. The animal was up for show, and the auctioneer for business, and the thought struck us, that if the sale was not pretty brisk, the auctioneer would have no chance of knocking the beast down; for the poor devil's legs were almost "gone," he had been "going" for so long a life that nothing else could be expected.

"Gentlemen, how much for the animal I have the honor to call your attention to, upon this occasion—how much, gentlemen—(a pause, and an attempt to look ingenuous) with more candor, gentlemen, than usually falls to the lot of a member of our profession, I am free to confess that the horse has been neglected lately in consequence of an accident. But notwithstanding, sirs, blood will tell, and breed have warranty—the eye—the head—the shoulder—Sir—"

"Twenty-five cents!" was clearly and distinctly bid.

The owner, who was standing by the auction desk, turned pale, and the auctioneer was transfixed for a second and a half. By an effort he recovered his presence of mind, and continued, addressing the bidder: "I'll take your bid, sir, that the price of purchase may shame you from the ground. Shall I say five dollars for you, sir?" to another. The man shook his head, and looked another way with a knowing smile.

"If you have got a knife and fork, I should like to try if my dog likes him," said a bystander.

"Thank you, sir—fifty cents—fifty cents—sixty-two and a half—and-a half—an'daff—an'daff—an'daff—an'daff—" gradually lowering his hammer, hand, and head, to the desk.

"What's the matter with that eye next the wall?" said one.

"Wall-eyed, I suspect," said another.

At this moment the horse made an effort to flip his tail at a fly on his hip, which set his nose bleeding.

"Ah, there's life in him yet," remarked a bidder, and advanced a levy.

"Thank you, sir," said the grateful auctioneer, "seventy-five cents, and-a-going—"

"In a consumption," tagged on somebody.

"Is there any advance on seventy-five cents—"

"May we bid what we like," said a would be wag.

"Certainly, sir,"

"Then I'll bid you good day, and be d—d to ye."

"You're a blackguard, sir, and that's an old joke," said the auctioneer. And so it was.

"Eighty seven and a half cents," said a patron of the turf.

"Eighty seven and a half cents," reiterated the auctioneer, with triumphant emphasis. Somebody nods.

"One dollar!" exclaimed the salesman—"One dollar—one dollar—one dol"

"No—no—no—no—no," ejaculated the bidder, "I only meant to advance a *fip*!"

"Very well, sir," said the pliant auctioneer, "ninety-three and three quarter cents, is all I am offered for this beautiful specimen of—"

"Anatomy."

"How much did you say, sir?"

"I'll give you two cents and a quarter to make even money of it."

"Ninety-six, and a going."

"They are buying him by the weight, aint they—a cent a pound," observed a new comer.

Another nod.

"Ninety-nine, and a going," bawled the tired auctioneer.

"What? aint he older than that?" exclaimed a fellow with well feigned astonishment.

This was too much, and the auctioneer projecting his body over the desk, stretched out his arm slowly, breathed out the words—"ninety-nine cents"—and striking the horse a slight blow on the forehead, exclaimed, "Gone!"

The poor animal quivered in every fibre from the shock, but after an effort, recovered his composure.—The fortunate purchaser received the congratulations of his friends with becoming modesty, until they became rather troublesome, when he turned round and quietly observed, that he "only bought the critter to carry him over the gutter, and then he should give him away to a boy."

N. B. The old ragged blanket was not sold with the horse. QUIP.

Baltimore Transcript.

LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening, a stranger in a travelling sulky was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern situated near the foot of a mountain in one of the western States. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from the plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of—

"Gwien down shin-bone alley,
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with—"Hollo!—uncle!—you!—snow-ball!"

"Sah?" said blackey, holding up his horses.

"Is that the half-way house ahead yonder?"

"No sah, dat Mass Billy Lemon's Otell."

"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?"

"Yes, sah; you know Mass Billy? he used to lib at de mouth o' Ceder crick; he don move now do; keeps monstrous nice tavurn now, I tell you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sah. You stop dere dis ebenin' I 'spect; all 'spectable genplemen put up dere. You chaw 'bacca, Mass?"

"Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavendish for you."

"Tankee, massa, tankee, sah.—Quash my name."

"Quash, eh?"

"Yes, sah, at your sarvice. Ooh!" grunted the delighted African, "dis is nice—he better an Green Riber. Tankee, sah, tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of gentleman is Mr. Lemon?"

"Oh, he be nice man, sah, monsous nice man; empertain genplemen in de fus stile, an' I take care uv hauses. I b'longs to him, and I do say it, Mass Billy mighty cleber man; he funny too; tell heep o' stories about ghosses and sperrits, notwithstanding he fraid on 'em, he self, my 'pinion."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller, musing. "Well, go ahead, Mr. Quash; as its getting late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon to-night."

"Yes, sah. Gee up, hoa, Dobbin, go 'long lively;" and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in

"Gwien down shin-bone alley——"

The burthen "Long time ago" was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with—

"Dere ah met ole Johnny Gladden."

And the same voice again responded from the field—

"Long time ago."

"Lor' bress my heart!" ejaculated the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses, his eyes rapidly running the circuit of the thirty-two points of the compass, while he absolutely looked *black* in the face, "who dat?"

"Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snow-ball; its some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with,

"'Light, sir, 'light,—here, John! Quash!—never mind your umbrella, sir,—here, Quash, take off that rug—give me your whip, sir—take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John, take off that chair-box—come, sir—and carry his horse to the stable. Do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please, sir; he's rather particular about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well—I always like to see a horse well tended, and this is a noble critter, too," continued the landlord, slapping him upon the back.

"Take care, will you?" said the horse, in a surly tone.

"What, the devil!" exclaimed the landlord, starting back.

Quash gave out strong symptoms of an ague fit.

"None of your familiarity," said the horse, looking spitefully round at the astonished tavern-keeper.

"Silence, Beelzebub!" said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord observed—"You must excuse him, sir, he's rather an aristocratic horse: the effect of education, sir."

"He's the devil, sir."

"What's that?" growled the horse.

"Wo hoa, Beelzebub! Loose the traces, Quash;—what are you staring at? he won't eat you."

Quash stood at the distance of ten feet, and said, "Neber in my life did I," and glancing his eyes round as if in search of the nearest road to make off.

"Come, landlord," said Beelzebub, "I want my oats."

Quash scattered, the landlord performed a quick retrograde movement up into the porch, and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stables himself.

The traveller was Kenworthy, and ventriloquism the Beelzebub employed.

Norfolk Herald.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A young lady passed down Washington street last week, whose beauty was so attractive as to draw the nails out of a board fence near which she passed, and the boards came lumbering about her heels.

An oyster was opened at Point Comfort lately, which was so large that it took three men to swallow it whole.

An Arabian courser, lately imported from Barbary, was put to his speed yesterday, and ran so swift as to overtake the horizon before it could get out of his way.

A foot race took place yesterday between a light-footed gentleman and a running account, which he had for some time had at the grocer's store. He beat the account all hollow, and came out so far ahead as to be wholly out of sight. It is thought he is still running.

A tree was blown down lately by a strong newspaper puff. The roof of the printing office suffered much at the same time.

A gentleman called Col. *Inches* lately *measured himself* in a duel with one Vaughn, in the State of Missouri.

LATE CASES.—A young lady in New York intending to go to a ball, left her slippers behind, and in a state of mental abstraction drew on her grandfather's white topped boots. She did not perceive her mistake until she began to dance, and crushed a corn on her partner's toe.

A wagoner in Vermont intending for market, lifted his horse into the wagon, and tackled himself up in the traces. He did not discover his mistake until he undertook to neigh.

A physician in Boston on Tuesday last gave one of his patients a piece of brown paper, and threw the medicine into the fire. He did not discover his mistake until the sick man began to recover from his illness.

A man in Lowell, in attempting to hang himself, forgot to put the rope around his neck, and jumped off the barrel into a mud hole. He did not discover his mistake until he attempted to kick.

A man in New York, intending to go to church, dodged into a restorateur. He did not discover the mistake until he was too drunk to mend the matter.

A man in Providence, during a state of mental abstraction, called on an editor to collect a debt. He did not discover his mistake until the editor showed him a black list as long as a deacon's face.

WALKING ON THE WATER.—A gentleman has brought his apparatus here for the purpose of walking on the water. We suppose he had not heard that our bridge was made free, and thought his machinery would be an excellent contrivance to save toil. Bridges will soon be a poor speculation if the fashion of walking upon the water becomes general.

When rich men found churches and theological seminaries, the newspapers trumpet their praises abroad; but when an ingenuous and artless child pours his little all into the lap of a blind beggar, and shrinks with downcast eyes and blushing cheek from the thanks of the receiver, all Heaven is irradited with the smile of the Omnipotent God.

Miss Martineau says that among American ladies "readers are plentiful—thinkers are rare." She says nothing about their expertness at *talking*. She also says that "their beauty is remarkable." This last is a fact, as many a gash on our heart-strings can testify.

A friend of ours not remarkable for decision, has at length committed himself by expressing an unequivocal opinion that Napoleon Bonaparte was a great man.

A man that would steal an article from a newspaper would steal a second-hand tooth-brush.

New York has been of late years the scene of suffering and great public calamity. First the cholera desolated her dwellings; then the great fire laid her magnificent edifices in ashes, and now the prostration of business has clothed her merchants with despair as with a garment. The grass is growing in her streets with such rapidity, that some of the adjacent milkmen talk of sending their cows thither to pasture.

If anybody wants to see pretty girls, let him go to Lowell.

It is not enough to have a warm heart. Without a cool head, a warm heart may sow good seed on arid sands, and throw children's bread to the dogs. Of the two extremes, however, it is better to have a warm heart and a weak head than a cold heart and a strong head.

Boston Eglantine.

DINING ALONE.—The author of "The Parson's Daughter," when *surprised* in his arm-charm two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologized by saying, "When one is alone the bottle *does* come round so often." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, we believe, who being asked on a similar occasion, "Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?" answered, "No, not quite that: I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

Lady Blessington.

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[*] Being in the roe.
[†] Query, Teniers?—*Devil.*
[‡] "Nice we are and very fine."—*Devil.*

English Sporting Intelligence.

Slashing Harry.—It is reported in the North that the Duke of Cleveland has bought Slashing Harry.

John Bowes, Esq., of Streatham-castle, has purchased of the Hon. Mrs. Lumley, of Tickill, near Bawtry, her ch. c. Epirus, 3 yrs. old, and her yearling colt Epidaurus, both own brothers to Elis, by Langar, out of Olympia, for very great prices.

A Splendid Leap.—A short time back a horse, called the King of Trumps, then the property of a gentleman in Norfolk, leaped a brook with fifteen feet water, and hurdles on the other side four feet and a half high, making in all twenty-four feet, in cool blood, and with a run of only 50 yards, carrying 12 st. He was sold to a gentleman in Surrey, and can be backed to carry 18 st. in a leap against any horse carrying a similar weight.

Mr. Carey, builder, of York, has sold his promising yearling colt, by Starch, out of The Carpenter's dam, by Champignon, to Mr. John Scott, of Whitehall-corner, near Malton, for a very great price. Mr. Carey, who also bred The Carpenter, had, we understand, several applicants for him, waiting Mr. Scott's decision, he having previously obtained the first refusal.

Touchstone's last race in public will, we believe, be at Goodwood; after which he will go to More Park.

Pedestrianism.—On Friday night week a young man, a servant of Lord Mayew, undertook to walk from the gate at the entrance of the Long Walk, Windsor, to the top of Snow-hill, and back, a distance 200 yards short of five miles, in 50 minutes. About 2000 assembled to witness the performance, and the betting was in favor of the man until the start, when the odds suddenly turned round, and kept at variance with him until he had completed one half the distance, which he performed in 23 minutes. At this point there was another very decided change, and 3 to 1 went begging. On the way home he increased his pace, and reached the end of his journey precisely 45 minutes from the time of starting. In the distance there were two bursting hills, and taking these into consideration, it may be said to be a wonderful performance. We believe the man has since been matched to do the same distance in a less time than he completed in the present instance.

At H. Brading's Royal Standard Grounds, near the Eagle Tavern, City-road, R. Sutton, the pedestrian, was some time since backed to walk 300 miles in six successive days, one half backwards, and one half forwards, in a circle of 110 yards, in those extensive grounds. He commenced his task on Monday, June 12, and finished on the Saturday following, 13 minutes within the given time. The gardens well attended each day. Sutton can again be backed to walk any man in England 300 miles backwards for 100*l.*: to walk the match in the same grounds.

Woodcocks in Derbyshire.—A fact rare (if known at all) in this country occurred the other day in Derbyshire. A boy fishing disturbed a nest, the birds from which flew in different directions, one with a bird in its bill. The boy followed the weakest looking, and discovered it to be a young woodcock, which is now in the possession of Mr. Burgoine, gamekeeper to the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth. The bird which the boy first saw was one of the parents conveying its offspring from the impending danger across the river at Ashford. Hopes are entertained that the other three will be found; if so, it will form one of the rarest possible incidents in the history of those birds, viz., their breeding in England. Derbyshire Chronicle.

Fishing Extraordinary.—On Wednesday last a disciple of Izaak Walton was amusing himself with the "rod and line," in the river running through the meadow of Mr. Gilbert Crompton, of this town, and after waiting anxiously for a length of time, had the mortification of not getting a bite. At length, however, a "monster" got fastened to the hook, the float darted with the rapidity of lightning beneath the surface of the water, and the most skilful generalship was required to land the prize. The angler succeeded, after great anxiety, in "hooking him out," and was astonished to behold a four-legged animal attached to the line, kicking fiercely in the air, and darting looks of fire at his tormentor. Another person arriving at the spot, the venomous reptile was put hors de combat, having first evinced its ferocity by springing at the angler; and the two valiants gazed mutely over the remains of an immense water-rat. Ib.

A circumstance which in a remarkable manner shows the affection of wild animals for their young, occurred a few days since in Foxley Grove. As William Clark, overlooker of the cover for Mr. Baker, who is a strict and zealous preserver of foxes in the Duke of Beaufort's hunt, was going his rounds, his attention was suddenly called to the piteous cry of his terrier, and on returning to ascertain the cause, found that an old vixen fox, which had a litter of cubs close by, had seized and so completely mastered his dog, that he arrived but just in time to save the poor dog's life.

Twelve Hundred and Fifty Miles in 1000 successive hours.

Harris continues his task with unabated strength and vigor. The distrust that had been entertained with regard to his capability of going on with it, and previous disbelief of even the attempt being made, were calculated in no slight measure to throw cold water on the business. That such was the result, the very scanty attendance on the three or four first days, and the want of knowledge upon the part of those individuals who resided in the immediate neighborhood of the ground over which Harris was walking, of whether he had commenced, or where the appointed place was, but too well testified. Such an undertaking could not, however, be kept a secret long; and when, day after day, he was seen constantly on his legs, (for it is stipulated that he walks one mile and one fourth every hour, both night and day!) the indifference which had been manifested rapidly gave way, and hundreds flocked to witness his proceedings. During the last week the attraction has been sufficient to draw even from London numerous and fashionable parties. This circumstance is of itself sufficient to tell what the thing is like. Harris has now completed 360 miles, (being at the rate of 30 miles per day.) When the extreme heat of the weather, coupled with the want of anything like continued or refreshing repose, consequent upon his constant action, is considered, the wonder will be that he has not only kept up hitherto without wavering, but is likely to go on to the end with unimpaired health and unsubdued spirits. We last week adverted to the probability of the original stakes (100*l.*) being increased, we have heard nothing to confirm our belief that such would be the case; but we trust (for the good of one party, and the honor of the other,) a purse will be made up for the purpose of rewarding in something like a proper way the exemplary labors of this wonderful pedestrian. Harris's style of walking is easy and graceful, and his pace even, each 550 yards being gone over generally in the same time. Should he gain his "laurels," he will have performed one of the greatest feats on the records of the sporting world.

TRICKS AT NEWMARKET.

The tricks that are played at Newmarket to obtain unfair advantages, and the still better tricks by which they are sometimes counteracted, furnish many enlivening anecdotes. For instance:—The late Earl of Grosvenor had a horse heavily engaged at the Craven Meeting; and a few days before he was to run, a report was circulated that he *coughed.* But whence the report? Why, a man had been hired by a party to lie all night on the roof of his box to ascertain the fact which he proclaimed. His authority, however, being doubted, another was employed to perform the same office on the following night, which coming to the ears of the trainer, was immediately reported to his noble employer.

"Have we no horse that coughs?" inquired his Lordship.

"We have *one*, my Lord," was the reply.

"Then," said his Lordship, "let him be put in the box over which the fellow is to pass the night, and if he does not catch his death from the cold north-east wind and sleet we shall do very well."

Of course the odds became very heavy against the horse from the report of this second herald, and his Lordship pocketed a large sum by his horse, who won his race with ease.

Still later, indeed, the parties being now alive, (the one no other than Mr. Wilson, the oldest member of the Jockey Club, the other a noble Duke, then a noble Viscount,) a very fair advantage was taken of a report circulated by one of these watchers, vulgarly called "touters." Mr. Wilson was about to try a two year old colt, and had entered his trial for the morrow.

"We must not try to-morrow, sir," said his trainer.

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"We shall be watched, sir," replied the trainer; "and the horse's white fore-leg will be sure to let out the cat."

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Wilson; "I shall be at the stable before you go out with the horses;" and, coming prepared with the materials for the purpose, he painted the white fore-leg of the old horse black, and the fellow one of the colt white, and so they went to the ground. The old one, as may be imagined, ran the fastest and longest; but being mistaken by the "touter" for the young one, his fame very soon spread, and he was sold next day to the noble Viscount for 1500 guineas, being somewhere about 1100 more than he was worth.

The march of intellect and roguery, which appears to have run a dead heat on the turf, has made people wiser and sharper respecting such matters as these. The Marquis of Exeter keeps his trying saddles under his own locks; and has a machine for weighing his trial riders, which shows the weights to himself, and to no one but himself.

Important to Breeders of Stock.—A very valuable discovery has lately been made of a new article of food for the rearing of young cattle. It will, if it prove successful, and we have no doubt from experiments already made that it will prove eminently so, be of immense importance to dairy farmers, and others in the neighborhood of towns and villages, where milk and other produce of the cow are in demand for the market. The recipe, which has been tried and found to answer the purpose admirably, is as follows, viz:—A pound of pearl sago dissolved in boiling water, in the proportion of six quarts of new milk, or a proportionally larger quantity of skimmed milk to the mixture. The cost of the pearl sago is now so low that the eight quarts of mixture is half the price of the same quantity of milk, and is considered by practical men more nutritious than the milk.

London Sunday Times.

WOODFORD RACES.

Monday, June 19.—"Over the water, and over the Lea," we went to witness these minor festivities; for Woodford brings with it happy associations of Easter frolics. There anent dwelleth the jolliest of hosts, the heartiest of fellows—

"We never could pass by thy door without sounding,
The depth of a bottle with thee, Tommy Rounding.
In age and in youth, still the forwardest wight
For a hunt, for a race, for a jest, for a fight.

We cannot do justice to the manifold merits of our "good old English landlord," and have but limited space for the running.

Waterloo Cup.—A very handsome Silver Cup, with 5 gs. added from the fund to a Sweepstakes of 3 gs. each horse. Heats. Twice round the course for a heat. Three horses to start, or no race.

Mr. Whitfield's ch. g. *Caravan*, 10st	1
Mr. Jackson's Cinderella, 10st	2
Mr. Wilding's ch. m. Flower Pot, 10st	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Charlton's ch. m. Amelia, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Darby's ch. m. Parisina, 9st. 7lb.; Mr. Osborne's br. g. Mazeppa, 11st. 7lb.; Mr. Warren's b. g. Doubtful, 9st.; Mr. Mathew's b. m. ——, 8st.

First heat.—Caravan, who is said to belong to Brett's Brandy Establishment, which naturally makes him a "spirited animal," made the running. Cinderella third, just putting her glass slipper upon the edge of Flower Pot. Caravan made play and won it easy.

Second heat.—Cinderella and Flower Pot tried it on again, the boys from Sutton being interested for them; but ould York was too far north to be had at that suit; "the geame might doo at Hapsom, but we woant stand it no way at Woodford." So Caravan was again victorious. He was last year winner of the cup.

Galloway Cup. Heats. To carry 6st.

"All that?" said a Lambert-ian gentleman, whom it would fatigue you to walk round. These petite quadrupeds were—

Mr. Wilding's *Tom Tit*	1	1
Mr. Middleton's b. m. Susan	2	2
Mr. Freeman's br. g. Forester		dr
Mr. Cassidy's d. g. Tom Thumb		dr

First heat.—All went off pretty together, looking like Goldfinche's "mouse team." The two Toms close beside each other, gazing wistfully at black-eyed Susan, who luckily was not amid the "Downs," at any part of the race. The illustrious Tom, the piper's son, after his abduction of a pig, or, as the Yankees have it, "after going the entire swine," did not run with a celerity exceeding that of little Tom Tit; he shook off Emperor Thumb, gave Forester the go-bye, bore down upon little Susan, and came neck and neck with her; indeed, her "sweet William" would have been pardoned for thinking that the Tit was too near to be pleasant. Sue did her utmost; but after a severe struggle, yielded to the prowess of the victorious Tom.

Second heat.—While settling for the start, Susan appeared to be resorting to the artifices of her sex, for she pranced coquettishly around the stoical Tommy Tit, but in vain. Finding that he was dead to the fascinations of beauty, she made herself up for mischief, and off they went, Forester and Tom Thumb having, as it is expressively termed, "shut up," after the first heat. Susan did her utmost; she certainly pressed Tom Tit hard (which, as this is not leap year, we thought improper), but he kept his place; she first dropped to his shoulder, then still further astern, until he had fairly assumed that position before her that is supposed to indicate a cut direct; the little creature ran beautifully for the last 50 yards, but Tommy was again the victor.

So far had we written, reader, and what we have said may be read with dry eyes; but mark the sequel—

"Painful the facts, alas!
Truth urges us—historians, to relate."

The fair Susan's proprietor, finding his favorite again worsted, waxed wrath exceedingly, and, contrary to any and all of the rules of the Jockey Club, did "beat" the rider of the aforesaid mare; this is a pleasant and a manly way of concluding a race—two heats by the horses, and one "heat" indulged in by the owner of the loser. The principle on which riders must go, in future, will be—

"We must win if we can, or be lick'd if we don't."

"England expects every man to do his duty," and Mr. Middleton expects every jockey to win his races; be it so; it will agreeably revolutionize and diversify the sports of the course, and give pugilism a chance of reviviation. Take warning, Arthur Pavis, (you are but a little one—have a care, Conelly—look out, Jem Robinson—be advised, Day—and you, too, steeplechasing Beecher, and your compeers, Mason, Powell, Martin, Elmore, Oliver, and the rest—hitherto you have found (as who has not) in your Captain Lambs and Briants, gentlemen who bore their losses with a smile; that state of things can surely exist no longer—the first time any one of you lose, down you go. Mr. Middleton has enlightened the sporting world, and it shall not be our fault if his discovery of a plan to make a man win be not extensively known. Next week we expect every jockey will, in the trading phrase, "strike," lest he should be stricken: that is to say, they will leave off work until, under the instructions of Young Dutch Sam or Spring, they are enabled to cope with any pugilistic sportsman who may choose to enter a horse.

CHACE EXTRAORDINARY.

For the last ten days or a fortnight the streets of Doncaster have been frequented by an extraordinary-looking creature, whose features, gestures, and antics proclaim *her* a relative and a descendant of the illustrious Jim Crow. Her stature is very diminutive, and were it not for a most unlady-like accomplishment she has attained, that of "consuming vile shag in a yard of clay," she might be considered as not having yet reached more than her thirteenth year. Her hair is black and grizzly—her features scarcely a shade lighter—with habiliments that would not disgrace a sweep, secured round the waist with a belt, in which is stuck a large knife. Thus equipped, with no head-covering but her black and matted locks, with the bowl of an immense pipe in one hand, and the other stuck akimbo in her side, she parades the streets, to the amusement of some, and the terror of others of the inhabitants. From whence this dwarfish and unfavored creature sprung, or whither she goeth, is wrapped in mystery. The first time she was seen she pounced upon a party of cricket-players on the race common, late in the evening, and so suddenly, that none were aware of her approach until she appeared in the midst of them. One of them, more gallant than the rest, doffed his beaver to the black princess, and politely inquired if he had not the honor of addressing one of the "Jim Crow family?" To which the lady replied in the affirmative, and as a further demonstration of the truth of her assertion, commenced the graceful and fascinating step of

"Wheel about, turn about, do just so,
And every time we wheel about we jump Jim Crow,"

accompanied by the music of her own voice, and bolting off at a quick step to the same metre towards the town, taking all the fences on the course with the agile bound of a roe. Since then she has been parading the town, usually followed by a crowd of boys, which had become such an annoyance to persons (and particularly ladies) passing along the streets, that the attention of the police had been called to it by the magistrates. On Tuesday last Wheater and Fox went out for the purpose of taking the *young lady* into custody, in order that she might be sent out of town. They found her near the horse fair, accompanied as usual by her attendant train of school-boys. As soon as she got sight of the police (no doubt apprehending danger), she took off down Chequer-lane, at a break-neck pace, followed in full cry by Wheater and Fox, and about 100 boys, who joined in the chace, armed with sticks and stones, determined to run her to the death. The first impediment she came to was a five-barred gate, the bottom of the lane—which, to show her contempt for her pursuers, she took in admirable style, in preference to the more easy method of going through the stile. This passed, the minor fences in the fields leading to Carr-lane were taken with the greatest ease, and always being a clear leap, she left her pursuers considerably in the back ground. She then took to the Carr, and Wheater and his force coming on to fair ground, gained upon their game; but at the moment they fancied the prize within their grasp, she bolted over hedge and dyke, and again left her pursuers considerably in the rear. The Carr being intersected with innumerable dykes and ditches, Miss Crow had a decided advantage over her pursuers; for whilst she took every ditch and fence that came in her way, her pursuers were seeking for crossings and openings, over which and through which they might force their less active limbs, without endangering their personal safety, which they would most certainly have done had they followed the more elastic steps of the young lady. In one of these dilemmas, Miss Crow, taking advantage of the "temporary absence" of her pursuers, earthed, and the whole force passed in full cry close by her hiding-place. She allowed them to get about fifty yards ahead, and then again broke cover, taking a contrary direction, and making towards the Low Pastures. It would occupy too much room to describe the whole of this novel chace, which occupied from half-past one in the afternoon till near five in the evening; and we are assured by the police that they followed her at least a distance of eight miles, over hedge and ditch, the lady doubling upon them and hiding, and then breaking cover again, apparently more in sport than through any fear of being captured, and eventually completely eluding them in a corn-field, where they allowed her to have an hour's respite. The same evening Wheater mustered all the police force he could command, determined, if possible, to capture this extraordinary being. They sallied forth about seven o'clock, and having divided themselves into two parties, one took the direction of the Low Pastures, and the other that of Carr Grange. Near the latter place the game was again started, but the efforts of the police to capture her were less successful than before. She again took the direction of the Carr—the pursuers soon joined in one body—she vaulted over hedge and ditch with apparent ease, thus gaining ground upon them fast, and they at last totally lost sight of her. Next morning she was discovered (but not by the police) fast asleep in a bed of nettles, near Small Bridge, adjoining the race-course, with her dangerous weapon grasped in her hand. On being disturbed she sprung up, walked into an adjoining house, lighted her pipe, and has not since been heard of in the neighborhood of Doncaster.

Bell's Life in London.

Pedestrianism.—On the evening of Friday, one of the servants of Lord Mayew backed himself to walk from the Long Walk-gate, at Windsor, to Snow-hill, and back, in 50 minutes. The ground he had to go over was reported to be five miles, but it was found to be 200 yards short of that distance. There was but little time given for speculation, the wager having only been made the previous night; but time had the call in betting, and this became more general when the man started. The first half mile he performed in four minutes and three quarters, and the mile in nine minutes and a half; and he contrived, rather unexpectedly, to complete his distance out in 23 minutes. On his way back, he improved his pace, and had 14 minutes to do the last mile, which he completed under nine, thus having five minutes and two seconds to spare. He appeared but little fatigued, and has offered to back himself at any time to do a full five miles in forty-five minutes.

Fox Chace Extraordinary.—Early on Monday morning the inhabitants of St. Owen's-street, in this city, were somewhat astonished at hearing the full and melodious cry of a pack of fox-hounds in pursuit of the game,—a circumstance rather unusual in the height of the summer. On inquiry it appeared that the Herefordshire pack, having mistaken a small cur dog exactly resembling a fox, for reynard himself had broken kennel, and set out after him. The whipper-in and a number of other persons followed the hounds, and after some time succeeded in calling them off and rescuing the poor cur from a situation which he seemed by no means to relish, and which would otherwise have terminated in his certain destruction.

Cricket, like love, levels all distinctions. It is a game in which the peer, the parson, and the peasant, may at the same time, and on equal footing, partake. Nothing keeps a parish so much together, or engenders such right feeling, as a little club of this sort; and if the higher orders would condescend to come among their poorer brethren, and join with them in this healthful, innocent amusement, it would do away with much of that alienation of feeling between the two classes, which is at present so apparent. That amiable, learned, and excellent Christian, Dr. Parr, used, of a Sunday evening, after church, to sit on the green at Hatton, with his pipe and his jug, and witness the exertions of his parishioners in this truly English game, making only one proviso, that none should join the party who had not previously been to church. It is needless to say, his presence was an effectual check on all disorderly conduct; the skittle grounds were deserted, and a better conducted parish was rarely seen than the worthy doctor's. He was beloved by his flock during life, and sincerely lamented by them at his death.

A Fox Hunt in Snowdon.—Fancy yourself on the top of Snowdon about four o'clock on a fine summer's morning, looking towards Nant y Betwss. You will see there congregated a motley collection of characters of all sorts and sizes—lawyers, lawyers' clerks, bumbailiffs, self-dubbed captains, and others, constituting the lazy portion of the community, brought together by proclamation made in the adjoining churches the preceding Sunday. This respectable congregation are attended by at least one hundred dogs as various in their appearance as their two legged companions. Hounds, greyhounds, pointers, curs, lurchers, mastiffs, and terriers—all in full cry, to which the shouting of the men, hollowing, cursing, and rolling stones, mingling with the echoes of the surrounding rocks, forms a Babel-like chorus. Should you happen to be on the top of Snowdon when this scene is being enacted, you will have seen a Snowdon fox hunt; and should either business or pleasure take you to one of the neighboring public houses in the afternoon, you may there see the biped part of the company spending the head money charged to the parish by the owner of the dogs for killing every fox. This sport is carried on at a time of the year when in all sporting countries the fox is allowed to bring up his cubs in peace. Independent of the sums charged to the different parishes, the keeping of all these dogs form a heavy tax upon poor farmers, and their being spread in walks over all parts of the counties of Carnarvon, Anglesey, and Merioneth, has nearly caused the destruction of every kind of game. Several litters of fox cubs have been taken this year by other parties, and sent to counties where fox hunting is carried on as an amusement. This practice is increasing yearly; the country people find their profit in it—there is nothing like fair competition.

So celebrated has amateur rod-fishing in the Tweed lately become, that the fashionable London tailors are vieing with each other in the production of "Tweed fishing trousers."

John Randolph and Dogs.—The eccentric John Randolph was much attached to dogs—notwithstanding they are sometimes afflicted with hydrophobia. He was always opposed not only to killing them off, as is so strongly advocated by some of our contemporaries, but was even opposed to laying a tax on these sagacious quadrupeds. The following anecdote is preserved of this singular man:

Mr. Randolph once met Mr. Monroe, a short time subsequent to the appointment of the latter to a high and responsible office, when the conversation turned upon the project of a law contemplated in Virginia, for laying a heavy tax upon dogs, with a view to protect the breed of Merino sheep. Mr. Monroe advocated the project, and was thus rebuked by his old friend—"Colonel I have ever found my dog faithful to me; why would you tax him? Tax man, Colonel—*he is perfidious!*" with an emphasis and significant stare.

The antipathy which some persons cherish toward dogs, is somewhat remarkable. They wish to have them all hanged without judge or jury. To such persons we would recommend the perusal of the following article, written a number of years since by Peter Pindar—Dr. Wolcott:—

"I do not love a cat—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you; turning back as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness; seeming to say, "Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever."—But the dog is my delight: tread on his tail or foot, he expresses, for a moment, the uneasiness of his feeling; but in a moment the complaint is ended. He runs around you; jumps up against you; seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done, nay, to make himself the aggressor; and begs by whining and licking, that master will think of it no more. Many a time when Ranger, wishing for a little sport, has run to the gun, smelt of it, then wriggling his tail, and with his eyes full of the most expressive fire, leaping up against me, whining and begging, have I, against my inclination, indulged him with a scamper through the woods or in the field; for many a time he has left a warm nest, among the snows of winter, to start pleasure for me.—Thus there is a moral obligation between a man and a dog."

Plenty of Gold and Silver.—At the grand dinner given by the Duke of Wellington on the 19th of June, in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo, the service of gold and silver plate displayed was valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars. This annual dinner is given by the Duke to the officers who were present with him at the battle. Perhaps the following description may amuse our readers:—The grand gallery appropriated occasionally as the banqueting and also as the ball-room, extends the whole range of the building from east to west, the latter end looking over the park. It is upwards of 200 feet in length, and about 85 in width. This apartment almost defies description, and is considered to be the finest specimen of modern architecture in the metropolis. It is hung with rich amber and citron colored satin damask, the cornices and ceiling ornamented with scroll work and carving elaborately gilt. The pictures are composed of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the ancient masters, affording the most valuable specimens of the Flemish, Italian, Spanish, French, Venetian, and other schools. At either extremity were large oaken sideboards, containing his Grace's gold and silver plate, the most conspicuous object of which was the silver gift shield, of immense magnitude, emblematical of the Duke's conquests, and presented by the crowned heads of Europe. On the dining table covers were laid for about 40 distinguished guests; projecting through the table were placed the two marble pedestal candelabra, standing 12 feet from the floor, and weighing 25 cwt., cut out of a block of Russian marble, and presented by the late Emperor Alexander. Two large marble vases, also a present from the Emperor, ornamented the north and southern extremity of the gallery, and were filled with rich flowers and exotics.

The three gold candelabra presented by the corporation of London to the noble Duke, representing in bold relief and as large as life, a foot soldier with his standard of each nation that had signalized itself in the field, ornamented the tables; likewise was displayed the solid gold vase, a tribute from the noblemen of England to his Grace, and on which are pourtrayed the British forming a solid square. The beautiful service of Dresden porcelain was also brought into requisition; it is ornamented with the most exquisite painting, each piece representing some engagement or general officer engaged in it; the service containing the whole series of his Grace's victories in India, the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. In addition to the magnificent candelabra before mentioned, the apartment is illuminated from the cupola in the centre of the fretted roof, by a brilliant chandelier of great magnitude. The whole presented, when lighted up, a scene quite Oriental, falling little short in grandeur to those described in the "Thousand and one nights."

Advice to Young Ladies.—If you have blue eyes, you need not languish; if you have black eyes, you need not leer: if you have a pretty ancle, there is no occasion to wear short petticoats; if you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long; if you have good teeth do not laugh for the purpose of showing them; if you have bad ones, by all means shut your mouth and smile; if you have pretty arms and hands, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp; if you are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry; if you dance well, dance but seldom; if you dance ill, never dance at all; if you sing well, make no previous excuses; if you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few people are judges of singing, but every one will be sensible of your desire to please; if you would obtain power, be condescending; but above all, (mark!) if you are asked to be married, say "Yes," for you may never be asked a second time!

"Tom, what the devil shall I do? Here I've been shinning up to Sukey a year, and now she says she's so poor she's ashamed to have me?" "Keep on shinning—apply a few shin plasters, and she'll stick fast enough!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1837.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The *Sheffield*, Capt. ALLYN, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 8th July, brought us on Thursday our papers and the current magazines of the month. The Star, the Commercial, and several other neighbors, complain that their parcels were stolen, and for thirty-six hours hours after the Sheffield's arrival we were disposed to imagine that our own were lost in the same way.—They at length turned up, and we have now ammunition enough to carry on the war with spirit for some time to come, having received the three English Sporting, and half a dozen Literary, Magazines, besides "any quantity" of papers.

Extracts from the papers before us will be found interspersed through our columns to-day. The magazines appear to be unusually interesting, but the length of their articles and the late hour at which they were received, prevents our giving any thing more than a taste of their quality this week.

The July number of the London (New) Sporting Magazine, edited by LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM, contains among other interesting matters, one of "*Pete Whetstone's*" letters from Arkansas, copied from the Spirit of the Times. The "Devil's Fork of the Little Red" stands out in bold relief in the broad and beautiful pages of the New Sporting Mag., side by side with the letters of NIMROD, JACK JORROCKS, DECCAN, THISTLEWHIPPER, and other eminent sporting writers in different parts of the world. We shouldn't wonder if Pete should be "pretty considerably struck up" by his popularity abroad as well as at home. Nobody since Maj. Jack Downing's time, on this side the Atlantic, has been able to hold a candle to him.

Bell's Life in London, The Sunday Times, and other Sporting journals, contain little news of interest, the great Spring meetings being over. *Touchstone* was "booked" for the Goodwood Cup, which came off on the 4th inst. The July meetings were generally unimportant; the details of the racing would occupy more of our room than we can well spare, and we can fill our columns with matter likely to be more acceptable to our readers.

We have private advices that the American turfmen abroad are purchasing largely. In addition to the lots landed here last week, we hear of several that were congregating at London and Liverpool. Another large lot is daily expected in this city, and there are nearly two ship loads ready to sail for Charleston and Mobile.

The Marquis of Westminster has stated that Goodwood will be the last race that Touchstone will run, he then intends sending him to Moore-park.

Exportation of Horses.—During the last week Mr. Thomas Kirby sent from York, to be shipped at Hull, for the use of the Emperor of Russia, seven stallions and eleven brood mares. Five of the horses are thorough-bred. The other stallions and the whole of the mares are of the choicest coaching breed which England possesses.

Mr. S. Fox's *The Carpenter* left Stockton by steam on the Thursday night, reached London yesterday week, travelled twenty miles the same day, and is now at Mr. Dilly's, at Winchester, in training for his Goodwood engagements.

Trotting Match.—The Norfolk cob Mousetrap started at six o'clock last Friday morning week from the fourth mile-stone on the Romford-road to the tenth mile-stone, and back to the fourth mile-stone. The match was for 20 sovereigns, to trot 12 miles in 55 minutes, which she performed with the greatest ease in 52 minutes and 25 seconds, rode by Mr. Thomas Watson, of the Castle Tavern, Moorgate, carrying 15st. 7lb.; Mr. Henry England umpire. The mare never broke, nor was whipped nor spurred, and walked in.

Pedestrianism against Time.—On Monday last the match for £50 came off near the White House Gardens, Manchester. The conditions were, that Edmund Wylde, known by the cognomen of "the Heywood Lad," should run two miles in ten minutes and 20 seconds, half a mile out and in, which he lost by 24 seconds, and appeared fagged.

An Englishman resident in Hamburg, is said to have laid a wager to pass an entire year in a floating-shed on the Scheldt, subject of course to be driven backwards and forwards by the ebb and flow of the tide; and subsisting, at his own expense, on the fish that he may be able to catch or procure in the neighborhood. A loaf of wheaten bread and a jug of spring water are the only necessaries to be sent to him from his friends on shore. The amount of the wager is but seven hundred dollars, so that it is not easy to understand the humor of the thing.

Sam Slick's Opinion of the Americans.—I believe we may stump the universe; we improve on every thing, and we have improved on our species.—You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the back bone, you may depend. It's generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found any where. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it as shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actilly equal to cash. The Clockmaker.

The English in America.—There's no richer sight that I know of than to see an Englishman when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward bulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, "look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman: here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocketful of one, and a mouthful of t'other; beant he lovely?" and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, "say bo *to a goose*, if you dare." Ib.

Madame Pasta, who appeared at the Italian Opera, on Tuesday, in the part of Romeo, was so much exhausted by her exertions that she was seized with hysterics on quitting the stage, and was for some time indisposed.

It is said that arrangements have been made for the return of Mr. Charles Kean to the London boards, in the course of a few weeks. He is at present enjoying a short respite from the labors of his profession.

"*Assurance Doubly Sure.*"—Nothing can be more laughable than the notions of an embryo writer for the stage, concerning the mode to be pursued to get his pieces brought out. One of those suckling dramatists being behind the scenes at Sadler's Wells, on Wednesday evening, called to one of his friends in great glee, saying, "My farce is sure to be played, Tom." "Does the manager say so?" interrogated the other. "No, but I've treated him to a glass of brandy-and-water," was the rejoinder.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

JULY STAKES, P. P.

There were two or three fluctuations in the betting at Tattersall's, on Monday. In the early part of the afternoon Sister to Glaucus was backed at 8 to 1, but towards evening her owner dropped in, introduced Sister to Messenger (another of his summer lot), at 9, and left her at 7 to 1 (taken), the other mare dropping to 10 to 1. Paganini was backed rather freely at 5 to 1, and closed at half a point less; 13 to 2 and 7 to 1 taken about Sister to Green Mantle, and a little "tenner" put on Sister to Corban, at 10 to 1. On Thursday some fresh favorites appeared, but were not backed for much money. There seemed to be a pretty strong "office" about the Oxygen colt in one quarter, and two or three ponies were laid out on him. Paganini returned to his old position, and appeared to have lost all his friends; Sister to Green Mantle was a shade better; but the general betting was remarkable more for the number of horses in the market than for the amount laid out on them. The entry comprehends sixteen fillies, who have the choice of 5 or 6 to 4 against the colts. A large number of them are in training, and as the Salute filly and Hurricane (both beaten horses), are the public runners in it, an extensive field may be looked for.

GOODWOOD STAKES, P. P.

The betting on this stake continues very flat. A hundred pounds was laid on The Carpenter, on Monday, at 8 to 1, and a smaller amount on Thursday, the odds being afterwards offered. Hornsea was backed freely on the latter day at 8 to 1, and has a decided call, offers from the taker to go at the same price not having been accepted. The Drummer was backed for a small sum at 12 to 1, more by two points than had previously been laid at the Bibury races. Caravan is declared not to start, but Cassandra is not so reported; she is in training at Ascot for this engagement.

GOODWOOD CUP, P. P.

Like the July, the betting varied materially in the course of the afternoon.—Touchstone opened at 7 to 2 (taken to £100,) Carew at 5 to 1, and Caravan at 6 to 1, the last two being without supporters until five o'clock, when Carew found favor in all directions at 4 to 1, which was taken repeatedly. Caravan's friends were not less eager in taking 9 to 2, the effect of this double advance being prejudicial to Touchstone, against whom 9 to 2 went begging, 10 to 1 offered against Bay Middleton, and offers to take 10 to 1 about Hornsea. Several have nibbled about The Unknown (Bee-in-a-bonnet horse) at 15 to 1 who has all the five-year old allowances, in addition to that for geldings. The betting on Thursday left Caravan and Carew at 4 to 1 each (9 to 2 taken) but did not affect the others.

ST. LEGER.

The only movement worth mention was made on Thursday, when the favorite was backed freely at 4 to 1, and only 7 to 2 offered at the finish. 9 to 1 offered against Slashing Harry, 10 to 1 against The Doctor (taken 12 to 1), and 22 to 1, taken to 150*l.*, about Mahometan. No others mentioned.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

The following blood stock, the property of the late Gilbert Crompton, Esq., were sold by auction on the 1st of June, by Mr. Boulton, in front of Etridge's Hotel, York, and fetched the undermentioned prices:—

	GS.
Marion, own sister to Barefoot, by Tramp, with a filly, by Huntington—covered by St. Nicholas, (Mr. Allen)	36
Beauty, by Blacklock, dam by Cerberus, with a filly by Huntington—covered by St. Nicholas, (Mr. Nicholson)	38
Ch. f., 4 yrs., by Langar, out of Marion, (Mr. Scott)	105
Ch. c., 3 yrs., by Humphrey Clinker—Cerberus, (Mr. Heseltine)	71
Ch. c., 2 yrs., by St. Nicholas—Blacklock, (Mr. Dawson)	32
B. c., 2 yrs., by St. Nicholas, out of Zirza, (Mr. Dawson)	50
B. c. by St. Nicholas, dam by Cerberus, (Mr. Dawson)	28
Bay yearling filly by Huntington—Marion, (Mr. Osborne)	25
Bay yearling filly by Huntington—Beauty, (Col. Smith)	11
The Stallion Huntington, by Brutandorf, (Mr. G. Swann)	42

Several other lots were put up, but there were no bidders. Doncaster Chron.

Sale of Blood Stock.—On Tuesday last a draft of Mr. Sadler's brood mares was put up for sale by Messrs. Tattersall, and the following lots knocked down: Device, by Tramp, out of Defiance, with a colt-foal by Saracen, and covered by him again, for 300 guineas; Delightful (foaled in 1831), by Defence, out of Lady Stumps, by Tramp, dam by Cervantes, out of Fanny, by Sir Peter, covered by Saracen, for 300 guineas; a chesnut mare, 4 yrs old, by Defence, out of Europa, by Reveller, dam by Selim, out of Euryone, covered by Saracen, for 45 guineas; Flounce, by Clinker, dam by Hambletonian, covered by Defence, for 105 guineas. The Curate fetched 20 guineas, and Brush, (a hunter) 59 guineas. On the same day, Forward, by Cadiz, out of Rosary, fetched 41 guineas; a two-year old gelding, by Pantaloon, out of Bertha, 14 guineas; and a two-year old filly, by Eusibius, out of Lady Cramfeager, for 15 guineas.

A very neat trotting mare sold at Tattersall's, on Monday, for 67 guineas.

THEATRICALS IN AMERICA.

An English comedian, now in New-York, writes as follows:—"Theatricals here are very little, if any, better than in England; the same tricks are played—the same failures occur—the National, for instance, closed at *one day's notice.* I hope you will warn all actors, not stars, to let an attorney make their agreements; it will not answer any man's purpose to come here, unless he obtains at least double the salary he can get in England, and two *half clear* benefits for each season, that is, two in every twelve months; and he must come for *two years certain,* subject to no hot weather deductions. It must be well understood and part of his written agreement, that he is *not* to subscribe to the rules and regulations, or articles as they are called, which he will find in the green-rooms here; they are all in favor of managers, and give no protection to performers. In fact, if all he is to abide by be not ascertained and reduced to writing, and if his money be not secured in London, I would not give twopence for his engagement; there are always loopholes for a manager to creep out of what he deems an unprofitable bargain. Chippendale is doing well; Mitchell has been shelved, and has had no opportunity of showing the Americans what he can do; the Masons and Fredericks are here, and sustain respectable reputations as actors; but large letters ruin all; when stars are not here "all is weary, stale and unprofitable;" the Keeleys did well, but not anything very extraordinary; Ellen Tree did wonders, in fact all the men are mad in praise of her—her style accords with what Americans deem the perfection of feminine character; what is odd, we (*i. e.* the English actors) think her vastly improved—she gives more loose to nature than she used when in the "village." Hill was warmly welcomed on his return. The National has had three managers in quick succession, Flynn, Hackett, and Wallack. The actors and actresses essentially wanted here are, what we understand by the term working members of a company; such men as Baker, Diddear, W. Bennett, Brindal, would do well if they did not fall into the common error of wanting to lead when they arrive here. I saw a third-rate actor from the Pavilion, Whitechapel, open here in *Othello. Verbum sap.*

London Sunday Times of July 2.

A NEW SONG

TO THE OLD TUNE OF "KATE KEARNEY."

O say, have you heard of Duvernay?
They tell me she's able to earn a
Hundred pounds in a night,
Such crowds she'll delight—
What *danseuse* is like to Duvernay?

If you e'er go to see this Duvernay,
Just notice her when she shall turn a
Most sweet pirouette,
And you'll never regret
Forking out to behold this Duvernay.

Would you know where you may see Duvernay?
You must go to Pall-mall, and just turn a
Little up a wide street,
When the Opera you'll meet,
And there you'll behold this Duvernay.

Tell me not of Leroux or Taglioni;
One's too stout, and the other's too bony:
If you see them all three,
You'll be thinking with me,
Of all dancers the flow'r is Duvernay.

Bentley's Miscellany for July, edited by "Boz."

American Criticism on Miss Ellen Tree.—In a letter from an American gentleman, the following notice of this gifted young lady occurs:—"She is a genuine *angel* of an actress, with just enough of mortality in her composition to keep her on earth for the sake of her fellow-creatures."

The lawyers must possess an invaluable client in Mr. W. Farren, for few actors seem fonder of litigation than the *great cock salmon.* Within the last fortnight he instituted proceedings against Mr. Osbaldiston for the recovery of his salary up to the period at which it was agreed that Covent-garden had to remain open. Mr. Osbaldiston has, however, compromised the matter by the payment of one hundred pounds.

There is a paper in *the town* that would give itself, and throw the editor in to boot, if we would so far immortalize the twinkling little luminary as to notice it in our columns.—Can't do it, little one. You must glimmer—glisten—shine, (if shine you can,) from your own Promethean heat. The boastful fly on the lip of the sleeping lion did not more mistake his courage and prowess, than this opaque hebdomadal when it dares us to the expression of our opinion. Little twaddler, tottle on—we'll spare you. Our opinion of you you could never survive.

POT-8-O.—Grown this season, in the garden of ABRAHAM MESEROLE, Esq., at Williamsburgh, a *Potatoe Vine*, to the enormous length of ten feet one and a half inches! Can any other subscriber of our's beat that?

We have hitherto neglected to invite attention to the advertisement of Messrs. GRAVELEY & WREAKS, whose Cutlery Establishment at No. 9 Astor House is one of the most splendid in the country. They have a great variety of articles, manufactured and imported expressly for breeders, turfmen, and sportsmen generally, of the very best description. See their advertisement on another page.

Our old friend SOL. SMITH, Esq., (co-manager with LUDLOW of the Mobile and St. Louis theatres,) writes us from Louisville, (Ky.) under date of the 7th inst., a letter so characteristic of himself, that we have taken the liberty of quoting a paragraph or two:—

* * * * "I may as well account for being so far from home, (St. Louis, Mo.)—I was taken down with the *brain fever.* They bled, blistered, leeched, and physicked me until I was almost dead, when all of a sudden I made up my mind to get up and get well in spite of them—and I did. As a skeleton could be of little use in a theatre, I concluded I would walk my bones off for a few weeks, and endeavor to get some flesh on them;—so here I am, what there is left of me." * * * * "By the bye, a report prevailed in this city among my professional associates that *I died last week!* I have convinced them there was not much truth in the report;—and I take this early opportunity to assure you, my dear P., that whatever reports may reach New York, I am, upon my honor, 'alive and kicking,' and still able to subscribe myself Yours entirely."

A NEW RACER.—The editor of the Boston Post promises the editor of the New York Gazette a ride on the back of the *sea serpent* around Nantucket if he will come to Boston. The editor of the Nantucket Inquirer will mount a *whal* forthwith if he goes there, and beat him. The Baltimore Chronicle offers two to one on Jenks for the *whale and sea serpent race!* Why should not the Nantucketers have a *regatta* as well as other folks?

A Riddle.—What sort of hunting must that be where a man kills all he catches, and those he does not catch he brings home alive?

The above is quoted from the concluding paragraph of a letter addressed to us from Florence, Ala. Any one who shall solve the riddle, and pay the postage, shall be entitled to the letter.

MINGO AND LADY CLIFFDEN.

TRENTON, (N. J.) Aug. 14, 1837.

To the Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.

SIR,—I am sorry to observe in the communication from Gen. EMORY, relative to the mare *Lady Cliffden*, which appeared in your paper of the 5th inst., some observations which I think are somewhat gratuitous, certainly not warranted by the facts of the case.* I should not have troubled you with this reply to them did I not think, that coming from such a respectable source, they would be the means of creating erroneous impressions in the minds of those who have to depend upon the newspapers principally, and upon your's in particular, for their knowledge of the animals referred to. I allude to the concluding paragraph of the communication, in which Gen. E. observes that

"Lady Cliffden and Mingo will have another trial for supremacy this Fall—each has won a race of the other, and no man in his senses would undertake to predict the result with any degree of certainty."

If the affair at Camden can be called a race at all, I do not consider that Lady C. is entitled to any more honor for winning it, as far as Mingo is concerned, than if she had walked over the course; nor was the confidence of those of his friends, who were acquainted with the true facts of the case, at all impaired by the circumstance.† This was evinced by the readiness with which they afterwards accepted the odds at Long Island against the fine field of race horses with which he had to contend. He nobly justified that confidence.‡

The assertion contained in the latter part of the above quotation is certainly a gratuitous one, inasmuch as it is notoriously the opinion of a large majority of those who are acquainted with the animals, and familiar with their characters and performances, that Mingo *can beat* Lady Cliffden, 4 mile heats, any day in the year, when they are both in order, and have a course worthy of the name to contend over.

Gen. E. says, "Whichever nag is the least out of order, the other being right, will be beaten." From this it would appear that Gen. E. wishes it to be understood that Lady C. was out of order when she ran at Trenton.§ Now, if that is Gen. E.'s opinion *at present*, I assert that it was not so *at the time*. He was heard before the race to declare that, "If Mingo won, his race would be a severe one." This I know to be a fact, and I have heard that he made other expressions to the same effect. Of course he would not have expressed himself in such strong terms had he not been confident that the mare was in condition, and if so, with what propriety does he now assert that she was out of order?‖

He concludes with, "They have both been proved first rate nags, and *time* will disclose nothing to the contrary." Lady C. has certainly made good time, but any one who attempts to compare it with that of Mingo will, I fancy, come out at the small end of the horn.

The plain truth of the matter is, that Lady C. had a totally different animal to contend with in Mingo from what she ever had before, and the mortification of the General at her unexpected defeat, when he was so confident of her winning, has not yet sufficiently subsided to enable him to review the subject with that fairness which is due to the feelings and opinions of others.¶ S.

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* We beg leave to differ with our correspondent. Whether or no there was anything gratuitous in Gen. Emory's observations is a mere matter of taste, but we deny that he made any assertions unwarranted by the facts. We quote the objectionable paragraph from Gen. E.'s letter, as it originally appeared in this paper, and put it to the good sense of every impartial reader if *our correspondent* has not taken a view of the subject "unwarranted by the facts:"—

"*Lady Cliffden* and *Mingo* will have another trial for supremacy this Fall—each has won a race of the other, and no man in his senses would undertake to predict the result with any degree of certainty. Whichever nag is the least out of order, the other being right, will be beaten. They have both been proved first rate nags, and *time* will disclose nothing to the contrary."

† If the writer means to be understood that general confidence in Mingo was unimpaired after his Camden defeat, he is sadly mistaken. By the "true facts of the case," the writer probably refers to the report of foul play on the morning of the race, it having been bruited abroad that the horse was tampered with in the absence of his trainer; neither Mr. LAIRD nor the owner of the horse, however, sanctioned such a report, though Mingo was undoubtedly dead amiss on the occasion referred to.

‡ So he did; but there was little readiness to back him, nevertheless, as any one may see on referring to a report of the race.

§ So she was; but that has nothing to do with Gen. E.'s remark, which is to be understood precisely as it was intended and expressed. Torture the language as he will, our correspondent cannot make it otherwise appear, "any way he can fix it." The remark is perfectly correct and proper, and "S." will find, that if they ever come together again, "whichever nag is the least out of order, the other being right, will be beaten."

‖ *Where does* Gen. E. "assert she (Lady Cliffden) was out of order?" There is no more ground for the inference drawn by our correspondent from Gen. E.'s remark, than if he should infer from the fact that Gen. E. addressed us a letter at all, that it was Gen. E.'s opinion we were occasionally annoyed by a blockhead correspondent, and so he had volunteered to send us a communication himself.

¶ We beg your pardon, sir, but let us set you right in this matter. Gen. E. was no doubt mortified at the result of the race, but the supposition that he cannot "review the subject with that fairness which is due to the feelings and opinions of others," is totally unfounded. A great part of the very evening upon which Gen. E. wrote the letter containing the paragraph that "S." so gratuitously cavils at, we had the pleasure of enjoying in his society, and in the course of conversation Lady Cliffden's defeat by Mingo was an interesting theme of remark. Mingo has few older or more staunch and tried friends than ourselves, and we are free to say there are very few who appreciate his blood, his racing qualities, and his achievements on the turf in a higher degree than Gen. Emory, and no one is more ready to do him justice, the "inferences" and *mis-*"understandings" of "S." to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Editor.*

PETE WHETSTONE'S VERY LAST.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED RIVER, Arkansas, July 10, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Well, I reckon some of them horses, way over the Mississippi, can beat shot out of a shot gun. I read JIM COLE all about *Mingo*, and his cutting off a 3rd heat in 7:47. He wont believe it.

I have just got through with my crop—may be I aint got a big show for corn.

Since the election, the lawyer's as mute as a wild cat, with his head cut off. We have all sorts of fuss here, about our *bank*. Here is just about the way the thing stands. The last Legislature made a bank—they elected an officer of the army, a Capt. Brown, President of it. There was a mighty fine man run against him—one that come here when the buffalo were thick on White river. But he and Brown barked up different trees. He took *White Oak*, Brown *Slippery Elm*. Of course Brown beat him. Well, Brown's friends said he would quit the army—but he hasent done it. He has been away East, and we cant find out what he has done. The papers say he got a *cashier at $3,000 a year!* (Oh lordy, hold my hair.) It has been well nigh 9 months since he was elected, and we aint no nearer a BANK *now* than we were *when we started*. I dont know much about the banks, but when I get to the Legislature I must look wise and say something.

I must tell what a pedlar said here the other day. Why he said Uncle Sam was *broke*. Well now, was'nt that a big lie. Why he could buy all Devil's Fork and have a pocket full of money left. These pedlars are cute chaps—one of them got a *pack of peltry* out of Dan Looney once, by selling him a little box of *Bengal salve*, swearing it would *heal up a wound in a day, and hair it over in twenty-four hours.* Dan would have knocked him into a crackling if he could have laid hands on him after he found out he was cheated.

Is *Alicum Guiacum* so heavy that four ounces weighs a pound? Old Thorp of Batesville says so, and he is a snorter. The way he trims apple trees is a caution. He works by the job and has his *board* thrown in. You ought to see him *shovel victuals* into his mouth. Eating dont take away his appetite—three corn dodgers, four big biscuits with grease to make them go down, and a quart of coffee dont make a meal. He is one of your *crane* built fellows, and walks with his head hung down as though his mammy weaned him too early.

I shall go over to Batesville races. Jim Cole has a "bite" that he thinks he can "wing in" on some fellow, and make all our expenses. Bears are getting plenty as blackberries, but it wont do to hunt them now, for they are too poor for meat, and they use a dog plump up this hot weather. I'll show them sights this fall, after the Legislature breaks up.

We are rigging up for the camp meeting, so I must cut this off in haste.

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

I have travelled much, and have noticed that where a farmer's house is stocked with books and newspapers, his children are sure to be intelligent.

LETTER FROM A MISSOURI TURFMAN.

St. Louis, 30th July, 1837.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

Sir,—Since your kind notice of my letter of the 15th June, nothing has occurred here worthy to be recorded or numbered, as giving credit or character to the Sports of the Turf. But now, even warm as the weather is, can be seen at our race courses a number of fine animals, taking their regular exercise preparatory to the Fall campaign. The turfites in this part of the country seem to be all animation, so much so, that one would be ready to think a secret influence had been exerted amongst the stock raisers here, and in the country round about, which said to them, regardless of consequences "*go ahead!*"

Our State and climate are peculiarly adapted to the breeding of stock, particularly that part lying south of the Missouri River; this would comprise the counties of St. Louis, Franklin, Jefferson, Gasconade, Crawford, Washington, Wayne, &c. &c. All of them high, healthy, and abounding with the finest streams of water, and affording the finest location for stock farms anywhere to be found in the West. Still further south and south-west are to be found the extensive grazing lands of the St. Francis, Big Black, and White rivers, where thousands of head of horses, cattle, and hogs are bred, grown, and taken to the Southern markets, and there sold at fine prices, with no expense winter or summer to their owners, save the very inconsiderable one of *salt*. The counties to the south-west, lying on the Osage and Current rivers, have similar advantages, and in time to come, that part of the State south of the Missouri River will command the best of the Southern market, for the simple reason, that our noble Mississippi, the mother of waters, washes the eastern front of our State, from the mouth of the river Desmoines to that of the St. Francis, a distance of near 600 miles, and is capable at all seasons of the year of floating vessels of 800 and 1000 tons burthen It is not an uncommon sight to see from 50 to 100 head of fine horses shipped on one of our steamboats, and in from five to seven days they are landed in New Orleans, or at intermediate points, and transported thence by land to the rich cotton-growing districts of Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and Arkansas.

What a field is now open for the enterprising Breeders of Blood Stock east of the mountains to make permanent locations, and supply the Southern champions of the Turf with Eclipses, Henrys, Mingos, and Bascombes; and what a rich harvest they will reap to what they do while rearing their fine stock on the poor sands of Jersey, the almost barren hills of Pennsylvania, or even the richer and better cultivated lands of New York.

But I must stop, or my letter will become, like the tongue of an old maid, tedious, from its natural propensity to go into detail. The stables at both our race courses are now nearly all full, and when you see their time reported after the races, I think you will say that though Missouri is young as a State, and more so as to the produce of fine stock, that the "game ones" who come here and win reputation and money, must be second to few in fleetness or stoutness. In my next I will give you the names of all the good ones in training, with their proprietors.

A MISSOURIAN.

STALLIONS IN KENTUCKY IN 1837.

Lexington, (Ken.) July 30, 1837.

Mr. Wm. T. Porter, *Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.*

Dear Sir,—The season with our stallions is just over, and it may not be uninteresting to give some slight sketch of the character of some of those in this immediate vicinity, and their business the past Spring.

Bertrand, we Kentuckians think, is the first horse in America, and in this belief we are not singular. He is in fine health, and has served the choicest mares of our country. This year more were refused than admitted, and of course you know how the selection was made. Among them is the dam of *John Bascombe*, the dam of *Fanny Wright*, and the dam of *Henry Bascombe*, a 3 yr. old colt, that won the Spring 2 mile sweepstakes over our course, and unfortunately died, the property of Wm. Stewart and others; Billy *expected* to carry him to Col. Hampton's, (of S. C., for whom he is trainer,) run him one race in the South, and then show you on Long Island a "better Bascombe." As to prices, $3500 was refused for him before his death. The two year olds and yearlings of Bertrand are unquestionably much superior in appearance to any of his former get; and this year's get will put him above all we have had in America. The honest truth is, the horse has been more prudently managed, and of consequence his breeding must be better. Then look out! He stood at $100.

Eclipse has had his full complement of mares, at $100. We have had few of his colts on our turf, and they inferior. His son Medoc has, as usual, had "enough" at $75. He has gone to our best mares, and his colts are strong, in race horse shape, and much is expected from him. As he has had every advantage, if they do not run, farewell most noble father, the proud Southron has had ample revenge for a *Henry's* defeat.

Godolphin, the sire of *Lath*, has stood in our city at $60. He has not, from my information, been patronised according to his deserts.

Tranby has made a full season—very full; mares fine; 'tis said his owners nett $10,000 at least,—a fair interest on original cost and expenses. He stood at $100.

John Richards, the intended champion of the North in the contest with *Eclipse*, has fallen into good hands, and eighty mares have been in his seraglio. I must confess I like the English plan of forty and fifty, but better judges think differently. This horse has improved very much since Maj. Gaines has had him, and has probably a better chance of perpetuating his fame through his descendants than he has ever enjoyed.

Old Transport is a very favorite mare here. *William* and the sire of *Rodolph*, both from her "loins," have placed her deservedly high; and it is a matter of great surprise that her son *Virginius*, now here and under the charge of Lewis Sanders, jr., should not have a full harem. There is no cleverer fellow than Lewis, and no purer blood than the offspring of *Transport* and *Old Virginius*, as in *William* and *Archy Montorio*. We will wake to the merits of their brother about the time that the worms are feeding on his carcase.

That game horse Collier—did you ever see him?—his every motion reminds you of the perfect gentleman. Would that the "accursed stain" could be cleansed from his blood; as a race horse, what was the limit to his speed or endurance when the humor was in him? He has had few of the best mares, but his colts are of the most promising. This year he has done better than heretofore, so I am told; he has covered as many mares as desired, and of better quality.

Shakspeare, by Virginian, and whose colts have performed well, particularly about Lynchburgh, Va., has made a full season.

Columbus, by Oscar, almost substantial, *Herod*-like looking horse, bred in Tennessee, will be the sire of about eighty "young 'uns" next Spring, as that is the number of chances he has had, and they say he is sure for one, and sometimes two. He gives stoutness and speed to his colts; their endurance has not yet been exhibited.

Messenger Duroc, of blood with name—"and by ——," says "old Frosty," "I'll run his colts from a half to four miles, for any sum from $100 to $2000, against the colts of any horse in the world."

"Lance has no trainer," said uncle Ned. His colts here are not to be sneezed at, and he has had some ninety mares this season.

Old Muckle John is in the hands of the same gentleman; he is very much diseased, though greatly better than a year ago; he has served thirty mares. He is certainly the model of a horse, even though age, bad treatment, and disease have combined against him; his colts bear no evidence of the infirmity of their sire, and one from the dam of *Maria Louisa* may yet be a "captain general."

Trumpator, an honest running horse, is still here, and I am not informed what season he has made, nor do I know anything as to what the *Flying Dutchman* has done. He is the victor of *Black Maria*, and the son of John Richards. They have both probably done well.

Richard Singleton, a Bertrand, bred in "Old Kentuck," out of *Black Eyed Susan*, is somewhat an example of the old adage, that a prophet has no honor in his own country. We are sadly given to running after strange things, often to the neglect of what is better at home. He was at one time the champion of our turf, but has not been properly patronised as a stud.

Plato, by William of Transport, out of the dam of Singleton, Missletoe, Dick Johnson, &c., though under great disadvantages from being involved in a law suit, has gone to sixty mares, though not the best.

Woodpecker, a cross of the good old *Buzzard* stock with *Bertrand*, and the conqueror of Collier, has been well patronised this season; one of his colts made a fine performance at our Spring races. I am astonished that his owners have never made a proper effort to ascertain his correct pedigree. No one doubts the purity of his blood, and he comes of the most distinguished brood mare of our stock, "*Tarlton's Buzzard mare*," bred by Hon. H. Clay in "lang syne days;" his colts are just three. I am certain no sufficient effort has been made to find the papers which can remove all obscurity in the matter.

Sir Leslie, by William of Transport, from a Buzzard mare, native bred, and named after "draw your ramrod" Gen. Leslie, has not done a great business this year, though his owner has bred his best mares to him at different times.

Imported Derby, out of Urganda, by Peter Lely—of pure blood you see—imported by Mr. Shepherd to run, but unfortunately being crippled on the voyage, was put to breeding. I think he is the property of Hon. H. Clay, and has served forty mares, some of them very fine.

Uncle Fowler, by Sumpter, the most unfortunate of horses—eternally some accident happening to him—never being able to give in public evidence of his powers, certainly great, has covered a few mares. He is better calculated than any of the get of his great sire to do honor to his blood; if he has half a chance he will do it. Some things in this world give me great distress: to see a man with intellect of a high order, and energy to cultivate and expand it, cramped by the hand of disease that knows no remorse, is one of them, and Uncle Fowler is another.

Imported Contract is here; he has been in bad hands, and done little. He certainly deserves a fair chance, never yet has he had it. *Chorister*, who distanced with ease a fine field at Oakland course the Spring of 1836, was by him, and certainly was a race horse; he fell sick after that race, and never recovered. Much has been written about this horse. He is now in the hands of a very clever fellow, and we wish both him and his horse a "fair shake."

Cadet, by Medley, out of Sally Walker, stands near this, as also does *Clinton*, by Charles, *Orange Boy*, *Dungannon*, &c. These horses stand within about thirty miles of this city, most of them much nearer. They have served this season *at least twelve hundred mares!* Besides, there are many thorough-bred horses—some never trained, and others crippled, but of little reputation, standing in the same part of the country, and some I have forgotten.

We have also in Kentucky, *Barefoot*, *Lance*, *Waxy*, *Orphan Boy*, and many others. What think you then of our prospect for improving that noblest of animals, the race horse? What for sport? Where the same extent of country, with so many of the best stallions in it? I did desire to give you some account of our prospect for the Fall campaign, but "ma conscience," that long letter from the South on the mammoth sheet!

FAYETTE.

REPLY TO LEWIS INSTIN'S CHALLENGE.

To Thomas M. Kennedy: Garrard County, (Ky.) July 31, 1837.

Sir,—My attention was directed a few days since to a banter made by you, and published in the *Observer & Reporter* of the 19th inst., to run your horse Lewis Instin, by Timoleon, against Jasper, by Columbus, at the Spring Hill course at Crab Orchard, on the 15th day of Sept. next, three mile heats, for *one thousand dollars aside*, according to the rules of said course; and that if the proposition was accepted, to meet on or before the 15th of August, and enter into bonds &c. for the forfeit.

The time you propose to run this race is too near at hand, as Jasper is not yet taken up. I therefore propose to run the race at Lexington on the day preceding the Fall meeting of the Association, three mile heats, for *two thousand dollars aside*, one half forfeit, to be *deposited* in money (not our promise to pay it) in the Northern Bank of Kentucky, or the Branch of the Bank of Kentucky, at Lexington, on or before the 20th day of August; the rules of said Association to govern.

Jasper has beaten Lewis Instin, and there is no inducement with me to run the race again but to win the money, and that must be put up.

Respectfully, Wyatt Huffman.

BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

Batesville, (Ark.) July 21, 1837.

Dear Porter—The weather is intolerably hot, and I am as "dull as a meat axe." Our mails are like angel's visits, "few and far between;" but then we have a cheering prospect ahead. Amos is going it with a *rush—four horse post-coaches* between this and the Rock, three times a week. "Get out of the way of my long-tailed blue;" and then we are to have stages through the *swamps* three times a week; I rather guess the passengers will do well to carry *life preservers* on that route—but Amos, you know, can do most any thing. After the *mandamus case*, who doubts that he is a dot ahead of the government. I wonder if Amos won't be trained for the four mile heats in 1841. If the *Cravat stuffer* was out of the way, I rather guess Amos would be the nag. The *curb* has shown in *Van*, and he will have to be withdrawn and put to other uses.

The prospects for our Fall campaign are cheering—R. C. Hawkins, Esq., will have a strong team—among them *Uncas*, (that never lost a race until he was christened after the great humbugger), Maj. Rector's *Metamora*, and Col. Rector's *Bill Gordon*. Safford will have *Sir William* and others. In Capt. Tunstall's stable there will be *Charline*, *Ella Wickham*, *Margaretta*, *Gazelle* and *Independence*. The Club at Little Rock has been broken up, and the course sold to the U. States. Uncle Sam designs erecting an arsenal on it. The Fort Smith Club is prospering, and will flourish, for the right sort of men live in those diggings; they have fixed on the 18th of October for their Fall meeting. Their purses are quite respectable for a "wooden country," though they look cents among dollars when compared with those given in Orleans. Don't be astonished if an Arkansas nag walks off with an Orleans prize this Fall.

I go you a "Spirit" on the 44000 dollars sweepstakes. I will take Nos. 10, 16, 22, 29, and 36, against any other five. Of course you name 17, and as 16 and 17 cannot both start, I name No. 14 in case No. 17 starts, and you can name one in case 16 starts.

Angora has got *Rodolph* in a tight place. The *peg* has been *set* a *little too short* for him—Angora does put it down for two miles in all sorts of ways, and if in condition she will repeat *game up*. The winner will have a pretty good *wagon load* of the *raw material*. Old Kentuck will be there in all her glory—and if Rodolph is beaten, wo betide the fellow who gets in a fight with one of her "half horse half alligators."

By the by, I perceive "a Marylander" has walked into you, sans ceremonie. Well, I reckon you had your laugh when O'Kelly "*picked the ticks*" off me; so now it is my turn. A man in writing about "choice cattle" has to walk as carefully as if he were in a china shop. *Mingo*, all must concede, is at the head of the turf; as to *Lady Cliffden* she is a "nice 'un to go," *equal* to any *four year old*, not excepting the *extraordinary Mary Blunt.*

I am anxiously looking for my *rifle*. Should she arrive in "good order and well conditioned," I will immortalize Mr. Joseph Cooper, 202 Broadway, this Fall: bear will be abundant, more so than they have been for years. Speaking of bears, Capt. Bean told me that he and the Caldwell's lost a bear on a hunt last winter, and that the same bear was 48 hours afterwards killed in Jackson County, a distance of forty miles in a direct line. The dogs were up, and had pinned him so close that he had taken to a pond of water. Dogs will often fight them 24 hours, and in that time a lean *old he* will make monstrous headway.

Truly yours, N.

Stud of R. and J. M. Pindell, of Kentucky.

Carlisle Place, Fayette Co., Ken., Aug. 5, 1837.

Dear Sir,—Will you please add to the stock of R. and J. M. Pindell their produce the present season:—

1837, June 23.—*Tom Porter*, b. c., by Bertrand, dam Marcella, (the dam of Fanny Wright,) and she is stinted to Bertrand.

1837, June 6.—*Nat Shaw*, b. c., by Columbus, dam Miss Tiger, (the dam of Blank,) and she is stinted to John Richards.

1837, May 18.—*Frosty*, ch. c. dam Broken-leg—she is stinted to Muckle John.

We have more horses in training in Kentucky than ever before known—more and larger sweepstakes—and anticipate more sport. Respectfully yours,

R. Pindell.

A Fastidious Fisherman.—An old black fellow fishing in the Delaware, near Point-No-Point, a day or two since, was seen to haul up several fine rock fish, which he had no sooner disengaged from his hook than he threw into the water again. When asked the reason of this strange proceeding, he drew himself up, and with a countenance in which it was impossible to say whether haughtiness or indignation predominated, replied, "Ven I fish for catty, (meaning catfish,) I'll ketch catty, and have noting to do wid dese fellers tell I want 'em!"

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

A Kentucky Breeder writes us from Lexington that they will carry their *Stock Book* through; he has sent us, he says, the proceedings of a meeting lately held on the subject. It has not come to hand.

Mr. P. C. Bush, of Newport, Ky., has been purchasing several young things for his racing stable. Mr. James T. Berry, of Newport, sold him a 2 yr. old bay filly, by Stockholder, dam by Waxy—E. H. Boardman, Esq. of Huntsville, Ala., a 4 yr. old b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Camillus, for $1000—and Mr. Varrell, a 3 yr. old b. f. by Star, dam by Alfred, for $1000.

The Carthage (Ohio) Agricultural Plate, value $1000, for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, will come off on Saturday, the 9th of Sept. Gen. Harrison is the President of the Association.

A South Carolina Turfman writes us that from 25 to 30 horses will be taken up in Sumter District alone, on the 1st of Sept. The prospects of the turf were never more flattering in that State.

The Tornado at Baltimore last Thursday week, took off about 85 feet of the roof of the Pavilion on Kendall's Course. Kendall was about making a trip to the Springs with his family, when this blow up occurred, but has been compelled to remain and repair damages. He writes us he will have a new roof on forthwith. Of his stable he is sanguine; it contains a round dozen, all doing well. *Henry A. Wise*, the matched colt, is in tip top condition, and moves like a bird.

We learn that the sale of Col. Heth's *Blood Stock*, which was announced to take place on his estate at St. Leger, Chesterfield Co., Va., on the last Saturday of July (the 29th), was postponed indefinitely, few purchasers appearing at the sale. It is almost impossible to dispose of *first rate* stock at this time; we know of a dozen highly valuable brood mares and colts for sale at the North, for which purchasers cannot be found. Very few gentlemen will venture to pay from $2000 to $5000 for a brood mare or 3 yr. old colt. Ordinary stock may be got rid of at very reduced prices, but the sales are limited at any price.

First Regularly Organised Boat Club at New Orleans.—The row boat was launched into the water in the basin at the head of Julia-street, about 6 o'clock yesterday evening. The members of the Club were neatly attired in sailor costume, who proved themselves hardy boys in carrying their boat three or four hundred yards. After the launch the Sylph made a dash down the basin, and we were highly delighted with the way she moved, and at the skill of the young oarsmen. After "wetting" the boat, the members of the Club, together with several guests, repaired to the residence of Mr. C. F. James, the Captain of the Sylph, where wine and mirth consecrated the first regularly organized Boat Club in this city. We will tell more of the Sylph &c. hereafter. N. O. Picayune.

A Bounty to Sportsmen.—The inhabitants of Falmouth, (Mass.) in Town Meeting, have voted a bounty to any one who will kill the ravenous animal said to be prowling in the forests of that vicinity, of $85, in case it be a wolf, and $100 if it prove to be a tiger, or other uncommon animal, provided the said animal be killed within the limits of Falmouth.

DEFENCE OF THE DRAMA.

The lecture of Mr. George Jones at Union Hall on Friday evening, in defence of the Drama, was a complete refutation of the charges which have been brought against the drama by its enemies. Mr. Jones gave a powerful analysis of the tragedies of Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, the Gamester, George Barnwell, and William Tell to rebut the charge of the opponents of the drama—that "the most popular dramas embody equivocal and pernicious principles." Speaking of the historical knowledge to be derived from representations of the drama, he gave the following elegant and powerful illustration:—

"For centuries did Liberty repose upon the blood-stained field of Phillipi, while her deeds lived only in the archives of decaying Time! Where, my fellow citizens, did the fair goddess in after years appear? What region was it, where in the eternal snows of nature her purity was mantled,—where the descending avalanche became the emblem of a tyrant's downfall,—where the crags and peaks became the altars upon which she reared her freedom fires? Whose single arrow was it, (and Apollo's was not more sure,) that cleft the golden fruit in twain, and with its fellow gave his nation liberty? Where the country, and who the patriot? While one tongue can answer from the scholastic *page* of History, thousands can reply from the vivid Drama's scene—''Twas Switzerland and William Tell.'"

Speaking of the charge brought against the stage, for the introduction of low and vulgar comedy, Mr. Jones remarked—

"I do not wish, nor shall I conceal any fault that may *justly* be brought against the profession or its members. I therefore shall speak boldly upon this point, viz., in relation to any ribaldry or vulgarity being used by the low comedians. When this is the case, is there not always a power to correct such an evil?—A power to which both the Divine and the Actor are alike amenable—the Public. When a comedian so far forgets his duty to that public, let it be unsparing in its condemnation; let it at once drive from the Stage the person, who for mere wantonness shall insult the feelings of his auditory. The public have this power, and if they do not use it, they deserve to receive that which they justly condemn. But the public know their prerogative, and use it wisely. The public justly feel that they possess the lightning of the hurricane, and its shafts may pass by the yielding and repentant willow—but wo to the stubborn though majestic oak, the fiery arrows of indignation shall rive it to the very heart, that it shall stand to aftertimes only as the shatter'd monument of a withered reputation!"

At the conclusion of the defence, the tragedian received as hearty a proof of approbation as ever resounded in the ears of the most ambitious of his poetical profession. The discourse was repeated by general request last evening, and we understand it is to be repeated again in the course of this week (in the City Hall) to the public generally. If the name of George Jones will live in England as the first orator upon the Genius of Shakspeare, should it not live in this country as the first defender of the rights and literature of the Drama? Hartford Times.

☞ This Lecture, (as will be seen from an advertisement on the last page) is to be repeated by Mr. Jones, at Clinton Hall, on next Monday evening, and we fain would hope, to a crowded audience.

RECENT OCCURRENCES.

Squint-eyed fellow brought before the Recorder for insulting females in the street.—Severely reprimanded. Offender places the end of one thumb to his nose, joining the tip of his other thumb in a straight line to his little finger. Action evidently premeditated. His Honor says nothing, but looks a very thick volume.

Lady arrested for shop-lifting.—Shows sincere repentance—weeps till her handkerchief is wringing wet, and expresses a wish—to retire and get another.

Mercury on Wednesday at 98 degrees.—Boy crying "hot corn,"—very properly apprehended as provoking a breach of the peace.

Man at Mobile goes down in a diving-bell, but forgets to come up;—great alarm in consequence—careful search made in one place only. Ought to have searched *divers* places.

Locofoco sued for rent.—Defends himself with singular wisdom and ingenuity. Wishes to know, with a becoming impressiveness, "if the eagle pays for his rock? or if the fox makes any return for his cover? if the sparrow does not chirp rent free? and if the rabbit does not burrow gratis?" Magistrate admits *Locofoco's* eloquence *and* landlord's claim.

Exquisite tells widow that he shall "sink into himself" if she refuses. Widow says she hardly knows what would become of society if such a fashion was generally adopted.

Custom-house officer at New Orleans seizes some hundred pairs of stockings. Reason—fœt-id.

Breach of Promise.—Lady deserted by one man, appeals to twelve. Declaration, that the roof of her heart is so much damaged that another can't occupy. Five thousand dollars wanted for repairs. Jury says they'll think about it.

Fortune-hunter at the Springs marries the West India heiress. Regular take in. Heiress says earthquake has swallowed every rupee of her estate, leaving her nothing but a lively trust in her husband's affections.

Matrimonial alliance contracted at the same place between the youngest hope of a *millionaire* and a celebrated belle. Belle's beauty of the Tusk-an order. False tooth drops out in a quadrille. Young man, with an air of settled determination, looks in her face for further particulars, and wishes she had remained an ungathered bud.

Editor in Boston discourses learnedly about the succession to the British crown in general, and the youngest sister of the Queen in particular. Editors in New York, with unheard-of cruelty, perform the "Cæsarean operation" upon the King's *unborn*, and "cut up" the editor's *still-born*.

Young man crossed in love wishes to lie down in the grave. Looks upon the wormy pit as a comfortable couch—eider-down at the bottom, and silk curtains at the sides. Resolved on self-slaughter. Calls on apothecary for a dose of arsenic. Instead of deadly poison, man gives him a salutary aperient. Purgatives fatal to romance.

Manufacturer in Connecticut quits town with a young woman without the formality of leave-taking.

Loafer, with a ventilating rent in his breeches, rolled off Coenties slip by naughty boys. Rises at a short distance, with withering reproof in his eyes, and a dead eel in his mouth. Sunday News.

POUGHKEEPSIE REGATTA.

The long expected Regatta came off at Poughkeepsie on Friday, the 11th inst., in a way if not entirely satisfactory to our city pride, yet certainly most gratifying to all lovers of aquatic sport. The day was as fine as could be wished, the heat of the sun being shut out by the clouds, and the air just fresh enough not to be sultry, and not disturbing the beautiful sheet of water fixed upon for the scene of trial.

The steamboat Rochester, which left here full of passengers yesterday morning, landed them at Poughkeepsie, and went on her way nearly empty. And till the hour fixed upon for the Regatta to commence, the boats were continually arriving, crowded with hundreds of fair ladies, and anxious sportsmen. The high banks of the river and the roofs of the large stores and factories in the village were occupied by thousands—all eager, all jealous of the reputation of their respective town or village for aquatic superiority. Music was heard from every steamboat and the large number of club boats, which having come as spectators and advisers, were constantly gliding about the river, conspicuous by the uniforms of their rowers, and by their silk flags, gave an indescribable beauty and animation to the scene. The race was fixed to be run from a line between two sloops anchored before the steamboat landing, to a sloop stationed up the river, at a distance of two miles and a half, and return. The whole distance was probably as much as fifty rods over five miles, as the Judges preferred to exceed rather than fall short of that distance in their measurement. Three cannons gave the signal of preparation for the race between the six-oared boats; and the following ranged themselves in the line in the order of their names, beginning from the Poughkeepsie shore:—

1. Robert Bache—of Brooklyn.
2. The Gondola—of New York.
3. The Washington—of Poughkeepsie.
4. The Sylph—of New York.
5. The Bachelor—of Fishkill Landing.
6. The Erie—of New York.

At about half-past 3 the cannon gave the signal, and all started in fine style, the Erie towards the middle of the river, and the Washington and Robert Bache nearer the shore, took the lead of the others in nearly the same line, but after rowing about half a mile, the Erie fell into the third place, and by the time they reached the stake boat, the Gondola had passed her and left her fourth. The Washington, with apparent ease, soon left all behind her, and passed round the stake boat at a distance before the others that left them little hope of successful competition. In the meantime the Bachelor, who was at a considerable distance behind, was cut off by a tack of the steamboat Emerald, which was following the race, and forced in consequence to retire from the contest. In returning from the stake the Washington continually increased the distance between herself and competitors, and a most interesting struggle ensued between the Erie and the boats before her. Immediately after passing around the stake boat, she made a push at the Gondola, and after a contest of some minutes, every inch of which was most obstinately disputed, she left her astern. It now became evident that though the Erie could not in full realize the expectations which had been entertained of her in New York, yet that her reputation was based on something solid. For hardly had she left the Gondola before the distance between her and the Robert Bache began to lessen, and her more sanguine backers began to hope that even the Poughkeepsie boys might be put to their mettle before the race was over. But the Robert Bache was no easy customer, and though lapped by the Erie, she kept her own most manfully. Thus they approached the stake, the one gaining, the other recovering, and both striving as if for the prize, when lo! the cannon from the hill announced that the Washington was in and the winner. Hardly had the smoke rolled from the cannon's mouth, when the 250 yards which intervened were passed over by the Robert Bache and Erie, moving as it seemed by the same impulse, and the first coming in about a half boat's length ahead. The time of the Washington was about 30:10; that of the Robert Bache and Erie about 40 seconds more, and the Gondola followed at a distance of 100 yards. The Sylph came in some distance behind.

We are sorry not to be positive as to the time, but the Judges did not make it, and we preferred taking an average from those who did. This, however, is the less important as the time was very poor, and was acknowledged on all hands to be no test of the powers of the Washington. It was slack water going and returning. The crew of the victorious boat was composed as follows.—

John Joyce, Coxswain; James H. Elting, Joseph Pardee, John Reeves, Alva Marsh, Robert Garrison, and William Hunt, rowers.

A rain having commenced towards the end of the first race, that of the four-oared boat was less distinctly observable. Four boats started, and in the following order:—

1. *Avenger*—of New York, towards the middle of the stream.
2. *Brooklyn.*
3. *America*—of New York.
4. *Whitehall*—of New York.

In consequence of an oar being broken in the Avenger at the outset, she was obliged to withdraw immediately after the starting. The Whitehall was left so far behind, that she did not return to the stake boat; so that the only struggle was between the Brooklyn and the America. This latter, being manned by Whitehallers, was a great favorite, but did not answer the expectations formed of her. The Brooklyn came in ahead some 150 yards—time, 33:03—and was delared the winner. Her crew consisted of the following:—Stephen Roberts, Coxswain; John E. Jennings, William Roberts, Henry Roberts, and Martin Roberts, rowers.

At the conclusion of the races, Mr. Rudd, of Poughkeepsie, announced the result, and made a brief and very appropriate address to the crews of the successful boats. The purses were then awarded to the winners, and wreaths of flowers, the donation of the ladies of Orange County, presented to those to whom the fortune of the day had decreed them. N. Y. Gazette.

[From the Poughkeepsie Eagle.]

THE REGATTA.—This affair came off yesterday just before our paper went to press. It was one of the most magnificent and splendid spectacles we have ever witnessed, and probably not less than ten thousand persons were present from New York and Albany, and every other place on the river and the neighboring country.

The steamboat Highlander, from Newburgh, the William Young, from Cornwall, and the Congress, from Rondout, came here crowded with passengers. The first race came off at the appointed hour, and was contested in elegant style. The boats went off head and head; but the WASHINGTON, of Poughkeepsie, beat the field with ease, and came out at least *thirty rods ahead* of all her competitors! winning the purse of $200. She was rowed by the same crew who rowed her and beat the field at Newburgh. The second prize was won, after a desperate contest with the Erie and Gondola, by the ROBERT BACHE, of Brooklyn, which was rowed in beautiful style. The following is the order in which the boats came in:—

1st. *Washington*—of Poughkeepsie.
2. *Robert Bache*—of Brooklyn.
3. *Erie*—of New York.
4. *Gondola*—of New York.
5. *Sylph*—of New York.
6. *Bachelor*—of Fishkill Landing,

At 4 o'clock the contest between the four-oared boats took place, which went off also in elegant style. The American, of Whitehall, was the favorite, but the BROOKLYN, rowed by the Roberts, (brothers,) beat the American at least *forty rods*, and distanced the Whitehall. The following is the order in which they came in:—

1. *Brooklyn*—of Brooklyn, (rowed by the Roberts.)
2. *American*—of New York.
3. *Whitehall*—of New York.

The weather was very favorable.

REGATTA MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA.

At a meeting of the delegates from the different Sail Boat Clubs on the Delaware, held pursuant to public notice at Lecount's, Delaware House, Second-st., on Saturday evening, the 5th inst., ALEXANDER GARDINER, of the Pulaski, was appointed Chairman, and George W. McCord, of the Lawrence, Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been stated from the Chair, and the names of the different Clubs called, the following delegates answered to their names:—

Ariel—Wm. Stephens, Charles Allen.
Lawrence—James Eadie, George W. McCord, Robert Woodside.
Liberty—Thomas H. Barrett, —— Bushnell.
Pulaski—Thomas Wade, A. Gardiner, and J. Eldridge.
Washington—James Albertson, John Fernan.

On motion, it was Resolved, That the delegates from each Boat Club consist of two at the next meetings.

Resolved, That the sum of ten dollars be the amount paid in by each Club, and that Mr. T. H. Barrett (of the Liberty) act as our Treasurer.

Resolved, That the different Boats' Crews be named at the next meeting.

Resolved, That the Regatta takes place on Tuesday, the 22d inst., the boats to start from Rice's wharf, at the foot of Vienna-street, Kensington, and proceed to Chester, and return.

Resolved, That the Boats go and return by way of the ship channel.

Resolved, That the money from each boat be paid at the next meeting.

Resolved, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at this place on Saturday evening, 12th inst., at half past 8 o'clock.

Adjourned. A. GARDINER, Chairman.
G. W. McCORD, Secretary.

☞ All Clubs or individuals who feel a desire to have their boats entered, first or second class, can do so by sending delegates to the next meeting.

Mr. Purdon of Dublin, formerly attached to the British Embassy at Sweden, has been cast in 3000*l*. damages, in a breach of marriage promise with his cousin, Miss Head, a daughter of a rich proprietor of Tipperary. Defence was the dying injunction of the father of the youth against the match.

AN ALLIGATOR STORY.

"Did I ever tell of my adventure with the Alligator," said Brewster to his friend Tom, as they stood on the deck of the steamboat Henry Clay, as she went puffing and blowing, throwing up the muddy waters of the Mississippi.—"I guess not," said Tom. "Bless that musqueto, he liked to pulled me overboard by the nose; but howsomever if the Alligator story arn't too long, let's have it, if it's only to drive away the dull time, as our old Deacon used to say when he drunk beer." Those who have travelled on the Mississippi know the value of a tough yarn, to relieve the dreary monotony occasioned by the eternal splash of the paddles, and especially when the narrator was one of the hardy race, now nearly extinct, who toiled on this father of waters before (to use their expression) "steamboats cum in fashion." The word was no sooner passed that Brew, as they called him, was going to spin a yarn, than some ten or twelve assembled around him. Brew felt his importance—after eyeing his auditory like a village lawyer when about to make a stump speech, he began thus:—

"Well, it's been sometime ago, before your steamboats scared the creatures way back into the dry settlements, the Alligators used to come out on the river and bark at the dogs on board our broad horns, and if ever a brave fellow of a dog (as they did sometimes) jumped over after them, they'd gather him up with their tails, which you know, does them for a hand, and raising their upper jaw, they'd chew him up hansomely; indeed, the varmints seem to love dog meat better than any other, and they were sich devils that they used to try to climb up into the boat to git at our dogs; so we used to stand guard to keep them off every night. Well, as I was saying, we were going up the Mississippi one night in a fine new boat, the current was running pretty much as it is now, and we had guards to keep off the Alligators, as we had some fine pups aboard that we didn't want them to git at; well, as nigh as I could reckon 'twas about midnight, and mighty dark with great thick fog about us, so thick that you could hardly walk through it; well, I felt a terrible bump against the head of the boat, and then the guards sang out, a snag, a snag; I went to look, and sure enough there it was, as big as the body of a common sized tree, through and through our bran new boat, so, says I, there's no use of grieving; so I trusted to Providence, and went to sleep. About light I got up and went to see how things were going, and bless your soul what do you think it was? 'Guess 'twas an alligator,' said Tom.—'Yes, but it was—the varmint had played the snag, and run his head clean through our boat up to the dog's bed on deck; he had eaten them all clean up, but one large bull pup, who had got cross ways in the creater's throat, so he couldn't pull his head out from the boat again, because he couldn't shut his jaws, and there he was fast, wagging his tail about in the water for all the world like a whirlwind.' 'But how did you get him out?' said Tom. 'Why, I'll tell you: we cut his head off smooth with the deck, and tied up his tail—he fitted so tight we didn't leak a drop, but went on.' 'Guess it was a cute way to get rid of a Mississippi sawyer,' said Tom. 'And do the Alligators really bark like a dog, and climb into boats?' asked a consequential foppish looking chap,' who had been awaiting in his tablets while Brew was spinning his yarn. 'For sartin they do,' said Brew, 'and I've heard them myself a mile off, like hounds in full chase!' 'Astonishing!' said the stranger, and after making a note, walked off. 'That's one of your men who travels to make books,' said Brew—'I reckon he's got an Alligator story this time.'" Olive Branch.

THE COLORS.

Great, then, is the value of the standard; it is a telegraph in the centre of the battle to speak the changes of the day to the wings. Its importance has, therefore, been immense in all ages, among all nations, and in all kinds of war: "*Defend the Colors! Form upon the Colors!*" is the first cry and first thought of a soldier when any mischance of battle has produced disorder; then do cries, shouts, firing, blows, and all the tumult of the combat, thicken round the standard; it contains the honor of the band, and the brave press round its bearer! An instance of the attachment shown by our troops to their standards occurred after the battle of Corunna. It was night. The regimental colors of the 50th (General Napier's own rigiment) was missing; a cry arose that it had been lost; the soldiers were furious; and the present Sir Harry Fane, with a loud and angry voice, called out, "No, no! the 50th cannot have lost their colors!" They were *not* lost. Two gallant ensigns, Stewart, a Scotchman, and Moore, an Irishman, had been slain, as they bore the banners charging through the village of El Vina; two color sergeants, whose names I cannot recollect, seizing the prostrate colors, bravely continued the charge, carrying them through the battle. When the fight was done, an officer received one of these standards from the sergeant; it was now dark, and he allowed his alarm for the safety of the colors to overpower his better judgment; he forgot both their use and their honor, and had gone to the rear, intending to embark with them, though the regiment was still in its position. The stray color was found, and the soldiers were pacified; but this officer never could remove the feeling which his well-meaning but ill-judged caution had produced against him. This anecdote shows the sentiments entertained by British troops for their colors; sentiments pervading all ranks, from the general to the drummer. Sir Henry Fane's words, thus loudly expressed, rendered him a favorite with the 50th regt. ever after.

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When colors are worn out they ought not to be thrown away. I understand that the 50th, having been lately made a royal regiment, received a blue standard, and the silk of the old colors was burned with much ceremony. The wood of the spear was made into a snuff box; and its lid encloses the ashes of that black banner which had so often waved amidst the white curling smoke of the battle. On this box are engraved the names of those who fell bearing the colors in combat.

THE DEATHS OF KINGS.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions. William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted. Henry the First died of gluttony, having eaten too much of a dish of lampreys. Stephen died in a few days of what was called the iliac passion, which we suppose may be a royal word for prussic acid, or something like it.—Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children. A broken heart is a very odd complaint for a Monarch to die of.—Perhaps "rat's-bane in his porridge" meant the same thing as broken heart.—Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer. John died nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of hellebore. Henry III. is said to have died "a natural death," which with kings and in palaces, means the most unnatural death by which a mortal can shuffle off his "mortal coil."—Edward the First is likewise said to have died of a "*natural sickness*," a sickness which it would puzzle all the colleges of physicians to nominate. Edward the Second was most barbarously, indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour. Edward the Third died of dotage, and Richard the Second of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth. Henry the Fourth is said to have died "of fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces at those times was a very common complaint. Henry the Fifth is said to have died "of a painful affliction, prematurely." This is a courtly phrase for getting rid of a king. Oh! that the glorious hero of Agincourt should have been got rid of by the priests "by a painful affliction, *prematurely*." Henry the Sixth died in prison, by means known then only to his tailor, and known now only by heaven. Edward the Fifth was strangled in the Tower by his uncle Richard the Third, whom Hume declares to have possessed every quality for government. This Richard the Third was killed in battle, fairly of course, for all kings were either killed fairly or died naturally according to the court circulars of those days. Henry the Seventh wasted away, as a miser ought to do, and Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat, and fury, whilst Edward the Sixth died of a decline. Queen Mary, the most heartless, or the most bloody-hearted of wretches, is said to have died of a "broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit, from eating too much of black-puddings, her sanguinary nature being prone to hog's blood, or blood of any sort. Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies. James the First died of drinking and of the effects of nameless vice. Charles the first died a righteous death on the scaffold, and Charles the Second died suddenly, it is said of apoplexy. James the Second died abroad, thank God! and we trust that the Duke of Cumberland will do the same. William the Third died from a consumptive habit of body, and from the stumbling of his horse. Queen Anne died from her attachment to "strong waters," or in other terms, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called the dropsy. George the First died of drunkenness, which his doctors as politely called an apoplectic fit. George the Second died by a rupture on the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God. It is the only instance in which God ever touched his heart. George the Third died as he had lived, a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent Monarch. George the Fourth died of gluttony and of drunkenness. William the Fourth died amidst the sympathies of his subjects, and may it be a long time before we have the means of describing the death of his successor. VIVAT REGINA.

A French traveller expressed his surprise that the passengers on board the Pocahontas steam-boat should one and all leave their beds on a foggy morning at four o'clock, to watch till eight, for the appearance of Norfolk, their place of destination. "If," said an American fellow traveller, "you knew my countrymen, you would think it but a matter of course, that in order to arrive at nine, they should rise at four. It is the nature of an American to be always in fear lest his neighbor should arrive before him. If one hundred Americans were about to be shot, they would fight for precedence, such are their habits of competition."

Specimen of a Hobart-town Advertisement.—"I am not dead!—A report having been circulated in Hobart-town, and part of the country, that my breath failed me on Friday last, I beg to inform my friends and tho public, that my lungs are stronger now than they have been for 12 years past, being refreshed by the breeze of hope which overcame the foul wind of despair, that left these shores on the 3d of November, 1836. If any one wishes to be convinced that I am in mortal existence, they may be so by calling at No, 10 Patrick-street, where they will find me, like the leather I manufacture, tough—and that I am determined to stick to my last. S. J. WINTLE."

Varieties.

Ride and Tie.—A couple of friendly Hibernians, upon the point of starting from Baltimore in a steamboat the other day, having the fear of Ben Sherrod Captains, and drunken crews before their eyes, held a consultation on the wharf previous to their departure, to the following effect:

"Murdoch, by Jasus, can you swim?"

"Like a stone—to the bottom, jest."

"And me too." (With a lengthened phiz) "what the devil shall we do in case of a blow up."

A moments reflection brightened up the countenance of his friend as he exclaimed—"I'll tell ye, whin the danger comes, we'll jump overboard togither and then you shall hold me up for a while, and when you get tired I'll hold you up, and so we'll get to the shore safe. Wisht, dont say a word to a soul at all."

The following is a translation of an elegant *finale* of a letter received by the last Havre packet at New York:

"Since our last there is no more variation in the prices of Cotton than in the sentiments with which we have the honor to be
"Your ob't. servants."

The great Rhinoceros belonging to a travelling menagerie in the West, has withdrawn from the concern, and at the last accounts was wandering in the low grounds of Ohio, where there is an abundance of water, and a profusion of green corn on which he was revelling.

Anecdote.—We were much amused at the advice one Johnny Raw gave to another, on board a steamboat.—"Ephraim," said he, "you had better look out for your boots to night, or these fellows (the bootblacks) will get them, and I'll be darn'd if you get them again without paying ninepence; so you had better put them under your pillow, the way I do." Bangor Farmer.

"I say, neighbor Hodge, what are you fencing up that pasture for?—Forty acres of it would starve a cow." "Right," replied Hodge, "and I'm fencing it up to keep the cows out."

Lake Fisheries.—One establishment at the outlet of Lake Huron, puts up 4000 bbls. in about four months of the year, comprising pickerel, white fish and trout. They average $5 per bbl. $20,000. Sometimes forty barrels a day.—The salmon trout of Lake Ontario, weigh frequently twenty-five pounds. Some lately in the Rochester market weighed twenty pounds. Boston Herald.

The Times.—One of the most singular facts, going to show the extent to which the mechanics of our cities are thrown out of employment, is that related of a person in this city who advertised for a carpenter and mason to go out of town. He received the first day five hundred and seventy letters asking for the situation, which at a cent a piece, made him an outlay of $5.70 to begin with, and with 12 per cent for specie, $6.38. U. S. Gazette.

Occurrences of the Week.—A resurrectionist in Ohio hires a man to steal a corpse—man digs up his own wife by mistake—afraid to go home for fear she's there.

A man belonging to the Almshouse, at work on the farm, sends word to his *fellow boarders* that he shan't be at home to dinner, and they needn't wait. Dedham Patriot.

A Cannon Ball.—I was myself reclining one day upon a sort of couch—a stretcher which I had placed in one corner of my room—with a cigar in my mouth, and a cup of wine beside me, when down came a cannon-ball through the roof, and struck the stone floor within a yard of me. Being a good deal spent, it rolled towards the partition, through which, as it was made of deal, it burst, and then running over the foot of another man who lay on a blanket in an adjoining apartment, it lamed him, for life. Not yet exhausted, it passed thro' a second partition and tumbled into the kitchen, beneath the grate of which, to the astonishment of several persons who witnessed its evolutions, it made a final lodgement. Gleig's "Hussar."

SCENE IN THE RIALTA.—"A duel this morning—did you hear of it?"

"No—who were the parties?"

"Two coopers."

"Two coopers!—Well, I suppose they were considerably *bunged* up?"

"I don't know—but they must have been a couple of *hog's-heads*, or they would never have thought of *staving* bullets into each other."

"It is certainly worse than a case of the *whooping*-cough; and *adze* (adds) another melancholy proof to the folly of mankind." N. O. Picayune.

WIDOWS.—"Widders, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, slightly changing color, "widders are 'ceptions to ev'ry rule. I have heard how many ord'nary women one widder's equal to in p'int o' comin' over you. I think it's five-and-twenty, but I don't rightly know vether it ain't more." Pickwick.

CURE FOR DIARRHŒA.—The following is said to be a certain cure for diarrhœa—it should be cut and preserved:—Parch half a pint of rice until it is perfectly brown—boil it down as rice is usually done—eat it slowly, and it will stop the most alarming diarrhœa in a few hours." Cincinnati Post.

The editor of the N. O. Herald says, "the neatest approximation to perfect beatitude which he has ever experienced, is the pleasure consequent upon killing—*a musquitoe.*

"Massa," said a Southern negro, as he was examining the many rents in his brogans, "wonder where shoes come from?"

"Oh, they grow at the North," was the reply.

"Well, guess he *picked fore he ripe, then.*"

POLITESSE MILITAIRE.—At a military ball given on a certain occasion in the interior of Alabama, the gentlemen—all officers of course—General Such-a-one, Major Such-a-one, and so forth and so on—were marvellously polite. For example:—

Gen. B.—"Ah, my dear Colonel, how do you do?" (shaking his hand until the epauletts on all four of their shoulders shook lively.) "Come," (stepping up to a table,) "let us *wine.*"

"Thank you, thank you, General; I have just *wound.*

A SIMILE.—This I call adding insult to injury, as the patriot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langvidg afterwards. Pickwick.

Messrs. Jackson & Schram—Will you have the goodness to point out the distinguishing features between horse racing and boat racing?

Oh, yes! In the first case you worry poor dumb beasts, in the other you worry yourselves. Poughkeepsie Journal.

The Cape Ann girls, after you have kissed them in a deep sleep, wake up suddenly, and exclaim, "You impudent Satan, you, I'll tell your father."

The following conversation actually took place the other day between two cabmen:—"I say, Tom, have you seen John lately?"—"No, not for a long while—'cause he's got the influenzy." "Well, I am glad of that, poor fellow, for he's been out of a sitivation for a long time."

When Sir Walter Scott began his favorite occupation of planting at Abbotsford, the Marchioness of Stafford sent him a quantity of acorns from Trentham; and a friend, who was settled at Seville, a supply of Spanish chesnuts. The former were, however, devoured or rooted up by field mice, while the chesnuts, unfortunately, turned out to have been *boiled!*

The Quadruple Alliance.—It is not a little remarkable that among the parties to the Quadruple alliance there should be no less than three female sovereigns, neither of whom exceeds the mature age of 18—namely, the Queens of England, Spain, and Portugal. The fact is unprecedented in the annals of diplomacy. Verily the King of the French will have enough to do to keep his young allies in order.

Jokes, Anecdotes, &c.—During a debate in the English House of Commons, Burke animadverted strongly on some act of the Cabinet, when George Onslow started up and said, haughtily, that he must call the honorable member to a sense of his duty, and that no man should be suffered in his presence, to insult the Sovereign. Burke listened, and when Onslow had disburthened himself of his loyalty, gravely addressed the Speaker. "Sir, the honorable member has exhibited much ardor but little discrimination. He should know that, however, I may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined to extend that reverence to his Ministers. I may honor his Majesty, but, Sir, I can see no possible reason for honoring," and he glanced round the Treasury bench, "'his Majesty's man-servant and maid-servant, his ox and his *ass!*"

A fellow once exhibited a scull at a fair near London, as a sku'l of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman observed that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a large head, and died almost an old man. "I know all that," said the exhibitor, undisturbed, "but you see, sir, this was his skull when he was a boy."

The late George Lamb, the brother of Lord Melbourne, had been returned member from Westminster, and was remarked for his prodigality of smiles on the occasion. At the next election, when matters were going against him, he was all gloom. "What is the matter with Lamb this time?" asked some one, "he makes no fight of it, like the last election." "Recollect half a dozen years are past," was the answer, "and a lamb is always more *sheepish* the older he grows.

A constable was stationed at the door of the hustings to prevent the crowd from forcing their way among the candidates. A gentleman came up to him, and putting a shilling into his hand, said, with an attempt to put off the smallness of the donation, "I take it for granted there is a little corruption here?"—"Yes, sir," said the constable, looking at the shilling, "but this is *too little.*"

"I have just come from calling on De Roos," (the person lately detected in cheating at cards by marking them,) said Lord Sefton; "he was not at home, and I left my card."

"Did you *mark* it?" was the question.

"Mark it? No," said Lord Sefton.

"Well then, you may be assured, De Roos will not take it for an *honor.*" Boston Post.

Mr. Compton, who has long been an established favorite as low comedian in Yorkshire, is engaged by Bunn for the English Opera House, which is shortly expected to open with an English company.

Favorite Resort for the Bostonians.—It must be confessed, if all accounts are true, old Cape Cod is one of the most delightful sea places in the world for fishing sport on a scale of unsurpassed magnitude. The Boston Sentinel contains a letter from Yarmouth on that promontory, which is enough to make any one's mouth water:—

"It is fine sport to go a mackereling in company with three or four jovial fellows, to catch this species of fish—they never were more plenty than at the present time. A boat's crew of Boston gentlemen yesterday tried their luck, and in eight hours' fishing they caught twenty-five hundred in number of as fine looking mackerel as you often see. In fact, the water appears to be completely filled with every kind of fish, of remarkable large size; and they are as fat as butter.

"Perch and pickerel are also unusually abundant. About a quarter of a mile west of this neat little village lies a fresh water pond, near the margin of a wood, of about 60 acres measurement, where one person may obtain in an hour's time a quantity that would satisfy the appetites for dinner of a dozen lovers of them. They are in general fat, and vary in weight from half to two pounds each. When one exceeds the latter mentioned weight, it is called a 'whapper.'

"I now am seated in the Yarmouth Register office, (a Whig establishment you know,) where a gentleman informs me that in an hour and a half's time a party of four gentlemen caught 300 fish, 256 of which were perch, whose average was over one pound each. As for 'horn pout,' a multiplicity of them is not desirable, only in certain cases. Do you take? The feathered tribe (plover and yellow-legs,) are not as yet very abundant, and in addition to this, if they were, a penalty by law is fixed for killing them just now. On and after the first of next month, however, all hands are at liberty to go ahead and try their skill in gaming."

Allowance to Mrs. Jordan.—On the separation, which took place in 1811, between the then Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan, his Royal Highness undertook the sole charge of his male children, at the same time settling upon Mrs. Jordan an annuity of £4400 per annum, to be disbursed as follows:—

For the maintenance of his Royal Highness's four daughters	£1500
For a house and carriage for their use	600
For Mrs. Jordan's own use	1500
And to enable Mrs. Jordan to make a provision for her married daughters, children of former connection	800
In all	£4400

This settlement was carried into effect, a trustee was appointed, and the moneys under such trust were paid quarterly to their respective accounts, at the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts & Co. It was a stipulation in the said settlement that, in the event of Mrs. Jordan resuming her profession, the care of the Duke's four daughters, together with the 1500*l.* per annum for their maintenance, should revert to his Royal Highness; and this event actually did take place in the course of a few months, in consequence of Mrs. Jordan's desire to accept certain proposals made to her to perform.

His late Majesty and a party of the nobility visiting the Tower to behold the Royal menagerie, had the animals explained to himself and suite in the following uncouth and natural strain by the man appointed to show them:—"This, please your Kingship, is the wonderfulest cretur alive—this here helephant is as docile as a child, and will do whatsomever he is told, just like a 'umane cretur. If your Kingship will just tell one of your loose hands to step and pump this here pail full of water, I shall be hable to prove what I says is true." The *loose* hands of which the keeper spoke being the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and a Lord of the bedchamber.

A New Word.—An official order, published in a New England newspaper, calls upon certain persons to pay up their "behindments" (arrears) before the ensuing court-day. London Sunday Times.

Several of the fraternity are stating the effect of kissing on the girls of different states and towns. The best we have seen is something like this.

"When a gentleman steals a kiss from one of our girls, she turns to him with a flush'd cheek and sparkling eye, and exclaims, "do that again if you *dare!*"
Times.

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore,
2. J. J. Mickle,
3. P. McRa,
4. J. B. Richardson,
5. W. Hampton,
6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

The following Sweepstakes come off over this course on the day preceding the annual regular races, which have been agreed upon by a convention of the different Clubs, at a meeting in Charleston, at their regular races in Feb. last, to commence on the *First Tuesday in each year*:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed, for 1838.

1. J. J. Harrison, sen., names a gr. f. out of Eliza Splotch, full sister to Kite.
2. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Alborax.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names a c. out of Venus, by Bertrand, Jun.
4. P. McRa names a b. f. out of a Financier mare, by Bertrand, Jun.
5. J. G. Winter names a b. f out of Whisker m. (Miss Accident), by Tramp.
6. " " " b. f. out of Whisker m. (Sister Lottery), by Tramp.
7. W. Hampton names a b. f (Imp.) out of Ada, by Emilius.
8. Paul Fitzsimons names a ch. f. (Imp.) out of Delphine, by Priam.
9. J. H. Adams names a f. (Imp.) out of Peri, by The Colonel.
10. Hamner & Gibson name a br. f. out of Fanny Green, by Virginian—Sarpedon.

A Sweepstakes for 1839, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Non Plus.
2. J. J. Mickle names a ch. c. out of Angelica, by Yeoman.
3. P. McRa names a gr. f. out of a Financier mare, by Non Plus.
4. W. H. B Richardson names a br. c. out of Julia, by Muckle John.
5. J. W. Cantey names a b. f. out of a Gohanna mare, by Eclipse Lightfoot.
6. A. R. Ruffin names a b. c. by Bertrand, Jun., out of Nell, by Duroc.
7. W. Hampton names a br. c. out of Emma (Imp.), by Camel.
8. " " " br. f. out of Pocahontas, by Argyle.
9. Hamner & Gibson name a s. c. out of Polly Medley, by American Eclipse.
10. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Argyle.

Sweepstakes for 1840, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names produce of Leocadia and Rowton.
2. J. W. Cantey names produce of Gohanna mare and Godolphin.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Transport and Muckle John.
4. J. B. Richardson names produce of Julia and Muckle John.
5. P. McRa names produce of Crusader mare and Rowton.
6. " " " " " Financier mare and Rowton.
7. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Venus and Muckle John.
8. J. G Guignard names produce of Empress and Rowton.
9. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Emma and Rowton.
10. " " " " " Augusta and Rowton.
11. J. C. Goode names produce of Caliope and Shark.
12. Hamner & Gibson name produce of Polly Medley and Rowton.
13. M. S. Perry names produce of Congaree mare and Godolphin.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, h. ft. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Col. John Crowell.
Robert D. Glover.
G. Edmonson
John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

CUTLERY ESTABLISHMENT, No. 9 ASTOR HOUSE.

THE Subscribers offer for sale one of the choicest assortments of the following goods ever imported into the United States.

Sets New Market Trimming Scissors.
Clipping Scissors and Shears.
Farriers' Drawing Knives, Searchers, &c. &c.
"Long's celebrated London Lancets."
Fleams, Lancets, and Pocket Horse Prickers.
Sportsmens' Portable Table Cutlery.
Marooning Cases Complete.
Hunting and Fishing Knives in great variety.
Cork-screws, Boot Hooks, Champagne Openers.
Silver, Pearl, and Ivory Handle Table Cutlery.
" " Plated on Steel, with or without Forks.
Carving Knives, Slicers, and Cooks' Knives
One Real Manton Double Barrel Gun.
Two Pair Real Manton Duelling Pistols.

The Trade supplied either from the shelves or by the Package.
[Ju29-4t] GRAVELEY & WREAKS.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

SWEEPSTAKES,

Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elming names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 8th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAIL ROAD LINE.

VIA NEWPORT.—From the foot of Marketfield-street, Battery Place, North River, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

AUGUST ARRANGEMENT.

From New York.			*From Providence.*
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	1st,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	2d,	• •
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	3d,	Rhode Island.
• •	Friday,	4th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	5th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	7th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	8th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Wednesday,	9th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	10th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	11th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Saturday.	12th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Monday,	14th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday.	15th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett.	Wednesday,	16th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	17th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Friday,	18th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	19th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	21st,	• •
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	22d,	Rhode Island.
• •	Wednesday,	23d,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	24th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	25th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Saturday,	26th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Monday,	28th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	29th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	30th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	31st,	Rhode Island.

Passengers for Boston will take the Rail Road Cars at Providence immediately on their arrival.

☞ All Merchandise, Specie, and Baggage, at the risk of the owners thereof. [At5]

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U. S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, will offer at public sale, at the late residence of JOSEPH A. MABRY, deceased, in Knox county, twelve miles west of Knoxville, on the 24th day of October next, and continue until the sale is completed, the well known stable of Race-Horses and a variety of other Blooded Stock, all the Farm Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Jacks and Jennies, Household and Kitchen Furniture of various descriptions; the well-known Farm, the late residence, (except the widow's dower), together with all the other smaller tracts belonging to said estate; all the Corn, Fodder, Oats, Hay, Wheat, &c., which is on hands at the day of sale. Many other articles too tedious to mention.

Bond and approved security, and twelve months credit on all sums over five dollars, and a discount of six per cent per annum, for all cash paid on sums over five dollars.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale. Mr. James Cox will show the Farm.

All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims against it, are hereby notified to file their claims with us, within the time required by law, or they will be forever barred.

GEO. W. MABRY,
JAMES COX, *Executors.*
W. T. GIVENS.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 14, 1837. [Jy1-5t]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—August, 1837.

CONTENTS.—*Original Papers.*—Sketches of Paris, No. 2; The Loves of the Colors; A Tale of a Snag; Excerpts from a College Valedictory Poem; Music; Rose and Violet; The Cold Hand; Design for a Picture Gallery; Vanderlyn; Letter from Miss E. D., Boston, to Miss J. B., New York; Spirit of the West.

Critical Notices.—Motherwell's Poems; The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West; Society in America; Erato, No. 3; Transactions of the American Lyceum.

Monthly Commentary.—Pauper Immigration; The Children of the Republic; Mineral Wealth of Virginia; Chronological of Cotton; The Ben Sherrod; Fairmount in Miniature; Pondretto; Cure for Hydrophobia; Western Trade of Pennsylvania; Chalk and Water; Tides; Another Moon Hoax; A Sixth Continent; Statistics; Ancient and Modern Democracies; Cheap Bread; Effects of Emigration; American Anthology.

This day (Aug. 1st) published by Geo. Dearborn & Co., 38 Gold-street. [At5]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

WANTED,

FOR some of the Western Theatres, for the term of five years, three American young ladies, of unquestionable respectability, from fifteen to twenty years of age. They must be well versed in erudition, and have some knowledge of music. For such, very liberal encouragement will be given. Address, within thirty days, (post paid) to

[J24] THOS. M. GROVES, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Trustees having re-organized this department of the Institution, by the re-appointment of three members of the former Faculty, the election of Drs. Eberle, Mitchell, and Cross, late Professors in the Medical College of Ohio, and the creation of an Adjunct Professorship of Anatomy and Surgery, the Lectures will commence, as usual, on the 1st Monday of November, with the following Faculty:—

Anatomy and Surgery, by B. W. Dudley, M D., Professor, and James M. Bush, M.D., Adjunct Professor.
Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, by James C. Cross, M.D.
Theory and Practice, by John Eberle, M.D.
Obstetricks and the Diseases of Women and Children, by Wm. H. Richardson, M.D.
Materia Medica and Medical Botany, by Chas. W. Short, M D.
Chemistry and Pharmacy, by Thos. D. Mitchell, M.D.

Each of the teachers will lecture daily, Sabbaths excepted. The fees of the entire course, including Matriculation and the use of the Library, will be $110. The Graduation fee $20.

Notes on all Solvent State Banks will be received by the Faculty.

By order of the Faculty, JAMES C. CROSS, *Dean.*

Lexington, Ky., July 19, 1837. [Ju29]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

THE undersigned give this early notice that Mr. Sol. Smith will not visit New York this present summer, (as heretofore advertised,) most of the engagements for the ensuing year having been already made. Members of the profession who have business with us, will please address us at St. Louis until 25th Oct., and after that time at Mobile.

St. Louis, July 7. [Ju. 22-3t.] LUDLOW & SMITH.

FARM WANTED.

TO rent or lease, for a term of years, a farm, consisting of from 40 to 60 acres of land, in a state of cultivation, with a good house, out-houses, &c., at a reasonable rent. Should its location be adapted to keeping a public house, it would be preferred. A note addressed to C. R. T., and left at this Office, giving a description of the same, its location, the terms, &c. will be attended to. [Ju. 22.]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Bath, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 28th Sept.
Batesville, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Carthage, Ohio	Agricultural Plate, $1000, for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats 2d Saturday, 9th Sept.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Red River Course, Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday in Sept.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Columbus, Miss.	Hyde Park Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 16th Oct.
Crab Orchard, Ky.	Spring Hill Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Sept.
Culpeper C. H., Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Fort Smith, Ark.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Oct.
Gallatin, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Greensburgh, Ky.	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
Haymarket, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept.
Hopkinsville, Ky.	Sweepstakes only, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Kendall Co., Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Laurenceville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 14th Sept.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Montreal, L. C.	St. Pierre Course, Turf Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Aug.
Mecklenburg, Va.	Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Newport, Ky.	Newport & Covington Association, Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 18th Sept.
Niagara Falls, U.C.	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Aug.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
New York City.	Union Course, L. I., First Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
" " "	Match, $5000 a-side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, 2d Fall meeting.
" " "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m. h. *Br. to Post Boy*, vs. *Br. to Coronet*, sametime
New Orleans, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Norfolk, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Olympian Spr'gs, Ky.	Bath Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 28th Sept.
Oxford, N. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Palmyra, Mo.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Camden Course, N. J.—Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Cliffden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
Richmond, Ky.	Madison Association, Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Russellville, Ky.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Toronto, U. C.	City of Toronto and York Co. meeting, Simcoe Chace Course, 6th Sept.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club annual meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept.
Vicksburg, Miss.	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.
Washington, D. C.	National Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter from "*Fayette*," one of the most prominent breeders and turfmen in Kentucky, will be found in to-day's paper. It will give us great pleasure to rank him among our constant contributors.

"*Ellouise*" writes us a letter of advice from Columbus, Ga. She complains, in shocking bad grammar, that we give so little space to "litterary and Fashunable news"—says that her "husband is an old subbscriber"—that she "reads all the papers that comes to the house," and that "the only way to be poplar is to pleas the ladies!" If the husband of "Ellouise" is really a subscriber of ours, (which we doubt), we would venture to suggest that he cannot do better than withdraw his subscription for a year or so, and lay out the money in purchasing copies of Noah Webster's Spelling-Book, Reading Made Easy, Murray's Grammar, and a Dictionary, an attentive study of which would be much more beneficial to our quondam correspondent, than any "*litterary* or *Fashunable* news" she may expect to find in our columns.

"O. B. N." whose communication of mortal length we alluded to a few weeks since, has written us another, from Richland Dist., S. C., in which he takes us to task for the manner in which we spoke of it, as to wit:—

"It is true that letter contained much nonsense, and deserved the criticism, but the Editor of the Spirit of the Times was not the proper person to have bestowed it."

Indeed, and why not, pray? "O. B. N." certainly should not have been annoyed by any odd quips and quirks, or remnants of wit bestowed upon his interminable letter. Many parts of it were very clever, and we intend one of these days to flare up with a good thing or two it contained. He may say as many hard things of any article of ours as he pleases, and we'll publish them, too, if that will serve as a balsam for his hurts, which we suspect are not skin deep. You won't mind them, my dear fellow, when you get used to them.

The sire of *Frosty* is omitted in Mr. P.'s letter.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Where a good *Rider* may be had, that would be able to ride 3 and 4 yr. olds? One is wanted to go to South Carolina. Send address and terms to the Editor of this paper.

Where some *Bakewell Sheep* may be had? Their price, delivered in this city or at Charleston, S. C., should be stated.

Where may be had a young *Cocker Spaniel?* State color (yellow and white preferred) and price, delivered in this city.

Who desires to purchase some very cheap *Brood Mares*, at prices varying from $500 to $1000?—or some three or four of the most fashionable blood, known as capital racers themselves, and whose colts have shown to advantage or promise to do so? We know of a few of the latter description on sale for from $2500 to $5000.

Who desires to purchase some well bred, promising colts and fillies for the turf? Several can be had cheap if applied for soon, at from $500 to $1500.

Letters in relation to the above will be attended to promptly, and without expense, if addressed, *post paid*, to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

A Flemish Courtship.—"Goot afternoon, worthy friend Groger!" "Good afternoon, burgomaster! This is koind and neighbourly. Walk in; Kitty's in the back parlour." "I'm coom to see Kitty; Kitty is noice; I love Kitty."—"Well, that's plain and honest; you never told me this before, Mynheer; I'm pleased to hear it; walk in, my dear Sir," (offering his arm). "Thank'e, I'll do vera well without your assistance, lead forward; how noice the pig's puddings smell, Mynheer." "Yaw, they were made by Kitty, the burgomaster! Burgomaster Schlippenbach, Kitty. You will excuse me for five minutes; I see a customer in the shop." "La, Mynheer, Burgomaster Schlippenbach, what an unusual pleasure!" "I'm coom a-courting, Kitty." "A-courting, and to whom, pray?" "To you, sweet Miss Kitty Kroger." "Oh, Sir, you do me much pride?" and she drew herself up at least a foot higher. "Yaw, you are vera prood; you mustn't be prood when you marry me Miss Kitty."—Oh, no, I'll be any thing you wish me, dear Mynheer Schlippenbach." "That's a goot girl; goot by; I'll coom again to-morrow." "Are you going so soon, sweetheart?" "Yaw, I moost go, now I have finished courting you; goot day." "Well, stay, my dear Sir; here are some of the hog's puddings I heard you praising; you'll like them, I know you will; there, put them into your pocket; and here are some sausages from Bologna; there, they just fit the other pocket." "Thank'e—goot evening." And away went the swain, who had begun a love affair as he would have begun a bargain for a cargo of Dutch mackerel.

Dyke's Tour in Belgium, &c.

"Is smoking offensive to you?" said a landlord as he took out his segar, to a family that had just moved into his house.

"Not at all, sir," said the female part of the household.

"I am glad to hear it, for all the fire places here smoke so bad that you will be bacon before you have inhabited the premises six weeks."

Boston Herald.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the Hyde Park Course, Columbus, Miss., will come off on the 16th Oct., with the following Purses:—

First Day—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for colts and fillies 3 yrs old last Spring, sub. $200, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race, and close by the 10th Oct. Entries made by letter, addressed to the Proprietor.

Second Day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $15.

Third Day—Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Purse $700, Four mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $35.

Fifth Day—Handicap Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, free for all ages; ent. $10.

Sixth Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Two mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $50.

The races come off earlier this Fall than usual, in order to give racers a chance of going either to Greensboro' and Mobile, Ala., or Vicksburg and Natchez, Miss., in time to attend the races. The Hyde Park Course is now in beautiful order, and the proprietors will spare no pains to render every gentleman comfortable that may attend.

Columbus, Miss., July 23, 1837. [At17] THE PROPRIETOR.

IMPORTED HORSE CETUS.

COPY of a letter from B. O. Tayloe, Esq. to Robert B. Corbin, Esq., dated

Paris, June 22, 1837.

My Dear Sir,—Since my visit to England I have become satisfied that *Cetus* will justify all that you have expected from him. He was in great repute at home, where he has left some very promising stock. One that broke down in training (*Rococo*) had performed so well, having beat *Chapeau d'Espagne*, second for the Oaks, *Corban*, a late Ascot winner, &c. &c. that he was a leading favorite for the Derby. Another Cetus colt won this week at Versailles, and is regarded as the *best* 3 yr. old in France. On account of his form, blood, and achievements, I am satisfied that but few of the horses that have been introduced into our country have commanded as high a price at the time of exportation, or were in higher esteem, than Cetus. The get of *Rowton* and *Cetus*, if they have a fair chance, may prove superior to others at *our distances*.

There is nothing comparable in England to the *bottom* of the Whalebones.

At this time Touchstone stands at the head of the Turf. He is but little larger than Cetus.

I am not at all surprised at the success of the Luzboroughs. The advantage of foreign crosses is decidedly in favor of the imported horses.

Wishing you success with your stock, I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours,

[At19-4t] BENJAMIN OGLE TAYLOE.

"THEY'VE GOT HER."

When Samuel Humphreys, the chief naval constructor, who drafted and planned the *Pennsylvania*, saw her kiss the waves, as he stood upon the crowded wharf, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and exclaimed, "*They've got her!*"

"*They've got her.*"—Have they got her now?
Why Sammy what a noble saying
Thou mad'st, while from thy fever'd brow
The perspiration big was straying—
When from her ways, in matchless pride,
The Pennsylvania kissed the tide.

"*They've got her.*" Who? The jolly tars
Who fought upon the deep—God bless them—
When high they raised the stripes and stars,
And bade King George no more oppress them.
'Tis true by Jove—and oh, dear Sammy,
They got her while thy brow was clammy!

"*They've got her*"—yes, and such a getting
Was never seen in Penn's great city.
Ten thousand thousands by were sitting—
The young, the old, the stale and witty:
They got her, though 'twas somewhat risky,
And christened her in *Kremer*'s whiskey.

"*They've got her*" 'mid the shouts and smiles
Of many a white—and grinning *nigger*—
They got her. Let the distant isles
Proclaim the deep ne'er saw—a bigger.
But let not Turkey's Sultan know it,
He's got a larger, and may show it.

"*They've got her.*" Hear! ye gods and fishes,
And memory treasure up the saying—
Ye free, inscribe it on your dishes,
That when within your grave your laying,
Your children's children while they totter
May lisp the mighty words—"*they've got her!*"

"*They've got her;*" but my pen declineth
To say she went without a stopper,
For Barron now in grief repineth
To think she's *minus* all her copper.
"*They've got her*"—but the Devil rot 'em,
They launched her with a naked bottom.

O. Owl.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

My Dear Sir—It is rare that such a mighty saying as I have thus feebly endeavored to hand down the current of time, is brought forth amidst this degenerated generation—"*They've got her*"—how explicit, how grand, how sublime—it rouses the cold blood from the most lifeless heart, and causes the hair upon our head to stand erect like the quills of that bird called the porcupine, which Paddy tree'd under a haystack and shot with a pitchfork.

Yours, in haste, Samuel Weller.

Defence of the Rights and Literature of the Drama.

THE public is respectfully informed that the Discourse written and lately pronounced at Hartford, Conn., by Mr. GEORGE JONES, (Tragedian), being in reply to an attack upon the Drama and its Professors, by the Rev. Mr. TURNBULL, will be repeated on Monday evening, Aug. 21, 1837, at the Lecture Room of the Mercantile Library Association, Clinton Hall.

Previous to the Discourse Mr. G. Jones will offer some explanatory remarks in reference to the causes that led to the above popular discussion in the city of Hartford.

Tickets 50 cents. To commence at 8 o'clock. [At19-1t]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in Sept. and continue 4 days. Besides the usual Jockey Club and Proprietor's purses (three in number), the following stakes are open and will be run for, viz.:

Two Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 in each, h. ft. One for Two miles and repeat (now 5 subs.) the other One mile and repeat (now 4 subs.)

3d. A Stake free for all ages, One mile and repeat; sub. $100, h. ft.; 5 yr. olds and upwards, to carry 100lbs.—4, 90lbs.—3 and under, catches. 3 or more to make a race. Two have named, and it is expected 5 or 6 will enter. This race will be run the 1st day, so as to afford an opportunity for the horses in it to run the last day for the Proprietor's purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

4th. A Stake for 4 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat. Three or more to make a race.

5th. A Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat; 3 or more to make a race.

The two last Stakes are confined to colts raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or county next to an adjoining county. These Stakes all close on the 1st Sept. The Haymarket races, half way to Washington City, following on the succeeding Tuesday, aad then Washington City races the following week. All convenient.

Culpeper C. H., Va., August, 1837. [At19-4t.] THE PROPRIETOR.

City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting.

OVER (Mr. Scarlet's) Simcoe Chace Course, on Wednesday the 6th, Thursday 7th, and Friday the 8th, days of September, 1837. ☞ To start at one o'clock, precisely.

STEWARDS.

George Gurnett, Esq., Mayor of the City.
Thomas McGrath, Esq.
Charles Heath, Esq.
Alexander Buchanan, Esq.
George D. Wells, Esq.
G H. Ainslie, Esq.
Captain Maitland, 24th Regiment.
Captain Strachan.
J. R. McKnight, Esq.
George Duggan, jr. Esq.
G. B. Willard, Esq.

First Day.—The City Stakes of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, p.p. with 25*l.* added by the Stewards, free for all horses; heats, Two miles and a distance; 3 yr. olds to carry 6st. 9lb—4, 7st. 9lb.—5, 8st. 4lb —6, 8st. 10lb.—aged, 9st.

Same Day—The Provincial Stakes of 1*l.* 10*s.* each, with 15*l.* added (from the Race funds) for horses bred in the Province that never won plate, match, or sweepstakes, before the day of entry, of the value of 30*l.*; 3 yr. olds to carry 10st. 7lb.—4, 11st. 4lb.—5, 11st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 12st. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen riders.

The County Stakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added; free for all horses, (winner of the City Stakes to carry 5lb. extra), 3 yr. olds to carry 7st. 3lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6, 9st. 4lb.—aged, 9st. 7lb. Heats, once round and a distance.

Second Day—The Maccaroni Stakes of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, with 25*l.* added by the Ladies; free or all horses. Heats, once round and a distance. Weights same as Provincial Stakes. Gentlemen riders.

The Omni Parity Stakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added, free for all horses. Heats, Three miles. Weights same as for City Stakes.

The Tally Ho! Hurdle Stakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added, for horses not thorough bred, that have never publicly won purse, match, or sweepstakes, before the day of entry; heats, once round and a distance. Weights same as for Provincial Stakes.

Third Day—The Simcoe Chace Handicap Stakes of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, with 25*l.* added by the Lord of the Manor, for all horses that have run in any of the former races. Heats, Two miles.

The Retriever Handicap Sweepstakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added, for the beaten horses in all the former races. Heats, once round.

Two excellent saddles and bridles will also be run for. The winner of one race to carry 5lbs. extra, of two, 7lbs., of 3 or more, 10lbs. extra. Mare's and geldings allowed 3lbs., except for the handicaps.

All stakes to be paid at entrance—every defaulter, although a winner, shall be considered distanced.

The second stake-paid horse in each race to save his stake. Three horses to start, or, should the Stewards think proper, the money added will not be given. Gentlemen riders and owners of every horse, to be a subscriber of at least $5 to the races.

Every winner to pay 5 per cent towards expenses. No horse shall be allowed to start unless the rider turns out in full jockey style. Entrances to be made at the *North American Hotel*, between the hours of two and four, on Monday before the races.

No person shall be allowed to ride with, or join the horses while running, and the course shall be cleared instantly on the signal for saddling being given.

Liberty to erect booths or stands may be had on application to Mr. Duggan, or Mr. Maitland. No one admitted to the Grand Stand without an introduction from a Steward.

Dogs on the Course will be shot.

JOHN MAITLAND, Esq., *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

Robert Blevins, Esq., *Clerk of the Course.*

Toronto, Upper Canada, August, 1837. [At19]

JEFFERSON (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE RACES this Fall (the last annual meeting) will commence on Tuesday, two weeks preceding the Washington City Races, (which last will commence on the 1st Tuesday in Oct.

First Day—Purse $400, Four mile heats.

Second Day—Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Third Day—Purse $200, Two mile heats.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse, $100, Mile heats.

The entrance to all the purses will be 7 per cent.—Should there not be four entries, the winner of the Purse to make them up.

There are also open, two Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; the first, Two mile heats, sub. $250, ft. $75. The second, Mile heats, sub. $150, ft. $50—both for colts that have not won stakes at fashionable courses. Entries to be made not later than the 5th Aug.

There will also be open a third Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats, 3 or more to make a race; *free for any thing "that wears hair."* To name and close by the 15th Aug. Entries to be made with Wm. CROW, Jr., *Treasurer.*

Charlestown, Aug. 12, 1837. [At12-3t]

IMPORTANT SALE
Of Imported Short-Horned Cattle, at Philadelphia.

ON Tuesday, 12th Sept., 1837, at 11 o'clock in the morning, will be sold at public sale, by Catalogue, at Powelton, about one mile from the City of Philadelphia, *Thirty-three head of Mr Whitaker's improved short horned cattle*, viz., 18 cows and 15 bulls.

These cattle were shipped from England at the suggestion of Col. John Hare Powell, when he examined Mr. Whitaker's Stock in Sept. last, and are well worthy of attention.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1837. M. THOMAS & SON, *Auctioneers.*

☞ A Catalogue, with the pedigrees, may be seen at the office of this paper [At12]

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

SWEEPSTAKES—OXFORD (N. C.) COURSE—FALL, 1837.

A SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 15th Sept. 1837.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, ent. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

Both the above Stakes are expected to be quite full. Address the PROPRIETOR.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

WASHINGTON CITY RACES, Fall meeting, 1837, will commence the 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct., and continue five days.

The following Sweepstakes are open for the Washington Course, Fall meeting, 1837:—

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old. Spring, 1837; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Now 7 subs. To close 17th Aug.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr old colts and fillies; sub. $500, ft. $300; Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and five or six others expected.

Gentlemen making entries to the above Stakes, will please address Jas. S. Garrison, Norfolk, Va., Proprietor. [At12]

THE NORFOLK RACES will commence the 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept. Particulars hereafter. [At12-3t] J. S. GARRISON, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Fall meeting, 1837, Two mile heats; ent. $200; 3 subs. and closed.

A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Autumn of 1837, One mile out; ent. $100, h. ft. The same entries to be made for a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 15th Aug. Now 2 subs.

A Post Stake, Two mile heats, for 4 yr. olds; ent. $200, p.p.; the Autumn of 1837. Three subs. and closed—Fall meeting.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds that never won a race; Fall meeting, 1837; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Aug. Now 5 subs., viz.:

Jas. M. Selden,
Wm. Jones,
A. L. Botts,
Isham Puckett,
J. S. Garrison.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Fall meeting, 1837,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To close 15th Sept.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Spring meeting, 1838,) $500 ent., $200 ft.; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, (Spring meeting, 1838,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st Nov., 1837. Now 2 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st June, 1838.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. 200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1838; to which there is now 5 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1837. [Ju8] W. N. FRIEND.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 24th day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
ROBT. BEVERLEY.

Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15]

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the above course.

1st. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

2d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old; Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Two mile heats; ent. $200, ft. $100. To name and close 15th Sept. next.

Spring Meeting, 1838.

4th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

5th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

Gentlemen desirous of entering into the above stakes, will please address

Jas. B. Kendall, *Proprietor, Baltimore.*

☞ The Fall Races will take place over this Course the Second Tuesday in October (the 10th.) [J15]

BUFFALO JOCKEY CLUB—FALL RACES, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run for over this course, situated near Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

1st. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $200, h. ft. Two Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. 1837. Four or more to make a race.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close as above. Four or more to make a race.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. One mile out. Colts 80lbs., fillies allowed 3lbs. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

This Club has been revived the present year, with a large increase to its subscription; trainers and breeders are invited to subscribe to the above Sweepstakes. Address the subscriber, Clarksville, Va James Williamson, *Proprietor.*

Mecklenburg County, July 1, 1837. [J15]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st August. Four subs.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept. One subscriber.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-t1s] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Tree Hill Course, Fall meeting 1837.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100 Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and four promised.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Expected to be large, now 1 sub.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race prior to naming, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Several have promised to come down to this stake.

Tree Hill, June 27, 1837. [Ju8]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.

Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance.	$5 00
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The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper.*	$5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto.*	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.